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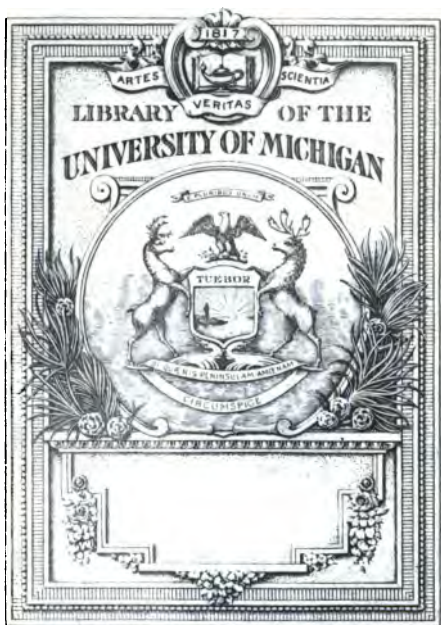
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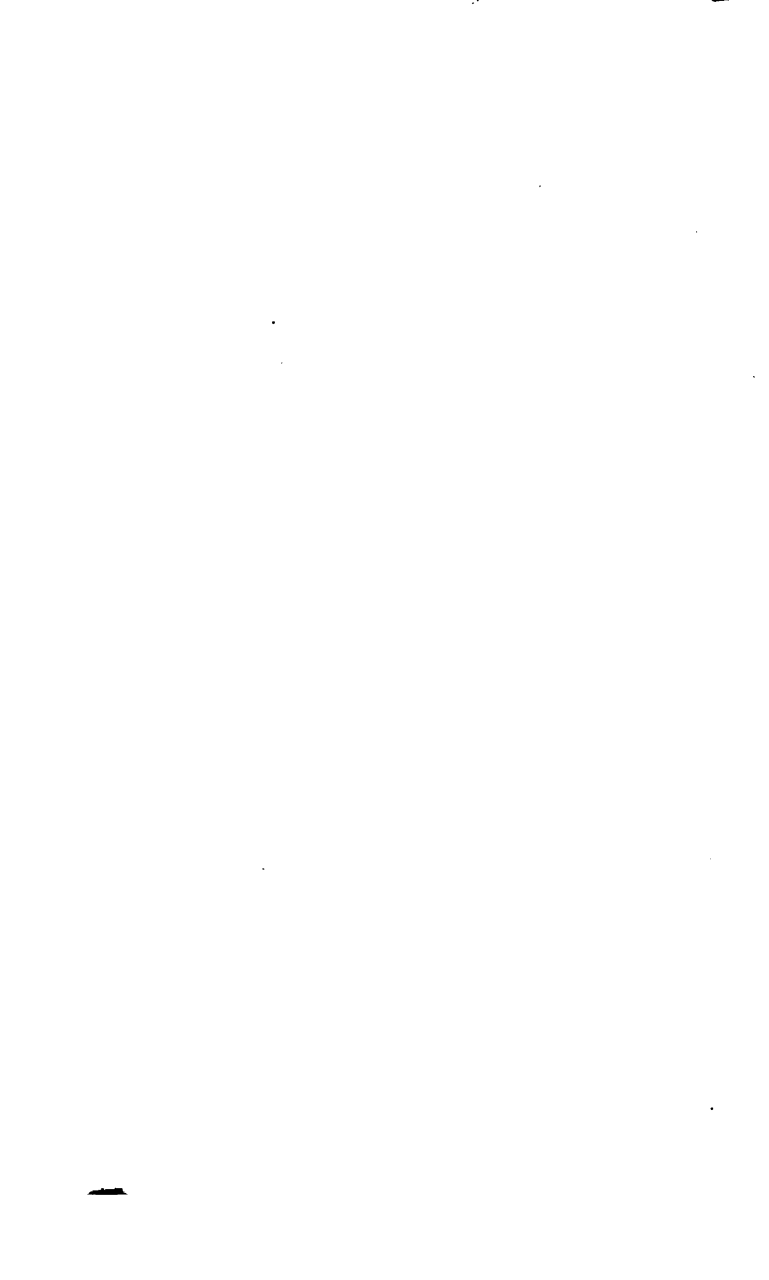
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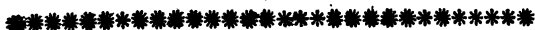
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THE CONTENTS.

A *Smodeus's Crutches,* Pag. 1

CHAP. I.

Which shews what sort of a devil this same Devil upon Crutches was; where and by what accident Don Cleofas Leandro Perez de Zambullo became acquainted with him, 17

CHAP. II.

Continuation of the deliverance of Asmodeus, 29

CHAP. III.

To what place the demon carried Don Cleofas, and what scenes he first presented to his view, 34

CHAP. IV.

The history of the amours of the Count de Belflor, and Leonora de Cespidés, 57

CHAP. V.

Continuation and conclusion of the amours of count Belflor, 96

CHAP.

C O N T E N T S.

C H A P. VI.

*What other things Don Cleofas saw, and in
what manner he was revenged of Donna
Thomasa,* 129

C H A P. VII.

Of the prisoners, 141

C H A P. VIII.

*Asmodeus shews Cleofas several people, and
informs him what they have been doing
througout the day,* 174

C H A P. IX.

Of the bedlamites, 199

C H A P. X.

Of which the subject is inexhaustible, 239

C H A P. XI.

*An account of the fire, and what Asmodeus
did on that occasion* 260

THE



Frontispiece to Vol. I.



THE
DEVIL upon CRUTCHES:
FROM THE
DIABLE BOITEUX
OF

MR. L E S A G E, *Alain René*
" A

NEW TRANSLATION.

To which are now first added,

ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES,
A CRITICAL LETTER upon the WORK;

And DIALOGUES between TWO CHIMNEYS
of MADRID.

Adorned with CUTS.

Michael from Adam's Eyes the Film remov'd
---Then purg'd with Euphrasy and Rue
The visual Nerve, for he had much to see. MILT.

The SECOND EDITION, corrected.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

, VOL. I.

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Sanders
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The A U T H O R ' s

DEDICATION

To the ILLUSTRIOUS

Don LEWIS VELEZ DE GUEVARA.

TO you, Signior Guevara, I dedicated this work at its first publication ; and as I thought it my duty then to pay you that mark of respect, I think still that I am now bound to renew it. I have already declared, and do now again declare to the world, that to your *Diablo Cozuelo*, I owe the title and plan of this work ; so that I yield to you the honour of being the inventor, without giving myself the trouble, as I have said to you before, of searching whether there be any Greek, Latin, or Italian author that can justly dispute your claim.

And I must farther own, that if the reader looks narrowly into some of the passages

iv DEDICATION.

fages of this performance, he will find I have adopted several of your thoughts. I wish, from my soul, he could find more, and that the necessity I was under of accommodating my writings to the genius of my own country, had not prevented me from copying you exactly; I should have been proud of being your translator, but have been obliged to depart from the text, or to speak more properly, write a new book upon the same plan.

In the dress it now appears in, as I have sent it into the world, it has undergone in France I don't know how many different editions; and we have both shared in the honour redounding from its success; but I ought not to say that we have shared, for at Paris I have only passed for your copier, and what reputation I have got, has been at second hand. It is true, indeed to make some amends, the copy has been re-translated into Spanish at Madrid, and has there been considered as an original.

I am now publishing a new edition, and once more I inscribe this performance to you, Signior Luis Velez. But to render it more fit for making its appearance again

DEDICATION.

in the world, after a space of nineteen years, there was a necessity to touch it up anew, and give it a dress, if I may say so, agreeable to the mode. For though the world in general be still the same, there are so many original characters daily succeeding one another, that they seem to make some change in the whole.

I have not only corrected, but new-modelled it; and have added a second volume, for which the foibles of mankind easily supplied me with materials. There are a never-failing source for endless volumes, but I have not attempted to exhaust the subject. I leave that immense undertaking for some one of those laborious writers, who think a long life well spent, if their works extend a whole fathom on the shelves of a library. As for me, who have no farther ambition than to enliven and make my readers merry for a few hours, I have been contented to present them with the manners of the age in miniature. Having now acknowledged Signior de Guevara, the obligations that my demon must always lie under to yours, I must proceed in the discharge of my conscience, and farther own, that I have borrowed some verses and some thoughts

- vi D E D I C A T I O N.

thoughts from Francisco Sauto, author of a book entitled, *Dia y Noche de Madrid*. Though it be but a petty larceny, I hereby make confession of it, lest some satyrical wag might take into his head to compare me with those thieves, who when they steal a piece of plate, take out the arms, that they may vend it with more safety.

I wish the public may receive this edition as favourably as it has accepted the former; an indulgence which I dare hardly flatter myself with the hopes of, even though the work in general be more correct, and I have done every thing in my power to give my readers a new relish for it.

THE



ASMODEU S'S CRUTCHES.

SIR,

I Take this opportunity of acquainting you, that there is published a new edition of *The Devil upon Crutches*. Notwithstanding the antipathy that all mankind have conceived, ever since the original sin of Adam, against the race of fallen angels, every body loves Asmodeus. He is read, he is careffed; never was devil so fondled. True it is he might have appeared to Cleofas under a somewhat more gracious figure; such as the poets represent him, when he is introduced under the specious appellation of Cupid. But he scorned to use any disguise to his deliverer, and shewed himself, therefore, in all his

VOL. I.

B

original

2 ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES.

original ugliness, as a proof he had a mind to deal sincerely with him ; and an instance of sincerity it was, not very common ; for how many lovers are there, who never had once an opportunity of beholding the faces of their mistresses only in their native, and without borrowed charms ? And after all, such as we see him, he appears more like the god of pleasure, than in all those beauties and graces the ancients have bestowed upon him, when they equip him, as the god of love ; and his mantle, with its ingenious emblems, becomes him better than the fillet, the gilded wings, and the sounding quiver.

In other respects, the fine moral character he sustains, and the vast sense and discernment he shews in the course of his observations, do more than compensate for the deformity of his person. He acquits himself religiously of the promise he made Don Cleofas, does him most important service, and discovers nothing of that falshood and deceit, for which the inhabitants of his country are rendered so justly infamous. In point of sense and discernment, he supports nobly the reputation of his brother-demons ; he shews as much discretion as one could well expect from

ASMODEUS's CRUTCHES. 3

from the whole society together ; of which there needs be no other proof than what he says on the subject of his own quarrel with Palliardoc. " After which, says he, our friends reconciled us, we embraced, and have cherished a mortal hatred against each other ever since." This hint leaves more to the imagination than can be expressed by words ; and you will find an hundred such other instances in the remarks he makes on the folly and vices of mankind.

Can the foibles of men be exposed with more sense or more force of ridicule than he has expressed ? No, his paintings are all finished. When I represent to myself this demon halting on his crutches, I cannot help considering those sensible and satirical strokes of ridicule, with which he every now and then lashes the follies and vices of mankind, as so many parts of the crutches, which he bestows on such as he thinks deserve them ; and, notwithstanding the careless air he puts on, as if seemingly he intended only amusement, he never misses, or strikes in the wrong place : his arrows are sure, and hit the mark.

Doubtless the young gentleman improved more in one night from the in-

4 ASMODEUS's CRUTCHES.

structions of Asmodeus, than he had done all his life before from the lectures of the doctors of Alcala. These people, by their eternal jargon, instil into the minds of youth a distaste of morality and virtue. Instead of which Zambullo found in Asmodeus an artful and able master, who could find the way to his pupil's heart, and whilst he entertained him with agreeable scenes of pleasurable amusement, conveyed instruction at the same time, exposing the foibles of human nature, and teaching the young student how to correct them, without disgusting him by tedious and insipid prelections.

I am not therefore at all surprised, that this demon should be well received upon his coming among us. For how can any man in France refuse his approbation to a work, that, under the appearance of a trifling amusement, contains such a happy assemblage of wit, delicacy, sense, and politeness? The minds of men are naturally prejudiced against the dryness of dogmatic precepts; they want to be entertained with something agreeable and pleasant; but, along with that, they expect reason and sense. In a word, we are a rational people, and Signior Asmodeus has exactly suited himself to the genius of Frenchmen.

ASMODEUS's CRUTCHES. 5

men. He certainly must have conceived a previous affection to our nation; though I cannot but wonder at his generosity in having taken so long a journey to make us wiser, against his own interest, and against the interest of the society in general, who, I dare say, give him no thanks for his pains.

Is there any man, Sir, who does not envy the situation of Zambullo, on those towers of speculation, where Asmodeus pitched him? As for me, I fly along with him, on the wings of fancy, to the top of St. Salvador; and behold, in his company, with infinite pleasure, the objects that are represented to his consideration. A superannuated coquette, who leaves upon her toilet her hair, her eye-brows, and her teeth, before she goes to bed; a beau of threescore, who takes off, with his own hands, one eye, and a pair of whiskers, waiting for his valet to help him off with his wooden arm and wooden leg, that he may go to bed with the rest; and the sister of this lovely Adonis, who, by means of artificial lips and bubbies, passes for a lady of twenty-five: I cannot, I say, forbear laughing, with Zambullo, at the thoughts of three such lodgers all in the same house.

6 ASMODEUS's CRUTCHES.

Shifting the scene, I see with pleasure my good old Zanubio pierced to the heart with the cries of his wife in labour, and the undisturbed repose of the footman, who is the cause of all the pains she endures; and I greatly commend the diligence of that physician, who is dressing in such a hurry to visit the bishop, who has coughed above three times since he went to bed.

Exalted in that airy garret methinks I see the ingenious author, who compiles a system of all social and civil virtues, and copies all the praises and commendations that have ever been bestowed on any man, for his personal merit, or the fame of his ancestors; which he puts into a dedication; and though he has not as yet any patron particularly in view, keeps them ready for market to any one that will bid for them. There are many authors to be sure, who eat the bread of flattery; but I am surprized at the court-lady, who thinking the dedication made to her not sufficient, drew up one herself, and sent it to the author to have it printed.

Was I to pass the streets with my companions, I should certainly bewail the
hard

ASMODEUS's CRUTCHES. 7

hard fate of the faithful Castilian, shivering under a window, and pouring forth his love-complaints; while his mistress bewails to the soft airs of her guitar, the absence of his rival. And in the other large house I perceive, greatly to my edification, a banker, stung with remorse of conscience, resolving to found a monastery out of the unjust gains he has made. He is certainly in the high road to salvation; for having once performed this vow, he thinks all his sins are forgiven. Nor am I less pleased with the scruples of that lady in her grand climacterick, who marries a boy of seventeen, that she may have what she wants, without remorse of conscience; and I think her nuptials, upon that account, ought to have been celebrated with a more decent concert of musick than basons, kettles, and frying-pans.

The demon having shewed Don Cleofas several other entertaining objects, that he might not clog him with too much variety, stops short to make him observe the appearances of joy and satisfaction in a great hotel, and relates to him particularly, from beginning to end, the affair of Leonora de Cespides. We must allow,

8 ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES.

Sir, that Asmodeus tells a story well. The incidents of this romance are entertaining, the winding up natural and interesting, and a moral runs thro' the whole. The innocence and credulity of Leonora, the love and ambition of Belflor, the artifices of Marcella, the rage and indignation of Don Lewis, and every other character there introduced, are represented according to the truth of nature; for Asmodeus was certainly well acquainted with the various passions and emotions of the human mind.

After the recital of this history I return with fresh pleasure, to partake of the new variety of scenes Asmodeus opens to his pupil, and which he comments upon with great judgment and penetration. In that hotel lives a booby of a lord, who, forsooth, would pass for a Mæcenæ. In order to acquire the character of a patron of men of learning, he gives the use of one of his garrets to a dictionary-maker. Some doors beyond him, lives an experienced dealer in her way, a woman who is agent for a society of rich widows, and keeps a kind of register-office, containing an account of all the strangers, who successively come to Madrid; their parentage, their country, their

ASMODEUS's CRUTCHES. 9

their age, their shape, and complexion. Of these she gives in a list to her customers, who peruse this roll, and pitch upon whom they like ; and then this lady sets about procuring an interview.

In another house you see the devotees, who are in such a hurry and alarm about the sick inquisitor, a scene extremely diverting ; one is preparing fops, and another sits at his pillow, taking care to keep warm his head and breast ; these two are no doubt favourites of the holy father. The anti-chamber is crowded with other penitents, who bring him different sorts of remedies, every one praising his own in particular, and slipping a ducat into the hand of his servant, begs of him, " Laurence, my dear Laurence, recommend my bottle to your master above the others." To make Cleofas sensible of the happy condition of an inquisitor, Asmodeus adds, Was I not a demon, I would be an inquisitor.

Let us, Sir, accompany Zambullo to the prisons to which he desired the demon to convey him ; and what think you pray, of that gallant, who being caught as he

10 ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES

was mounting by a ladder into a balcony, runs the risk of being hanged for a house-breaker, rather than save his life at the expence of his mistress's honour, by owning the intrigue? He will be, perhaps, the first and last martyr of this kind, and I am satisfied won't find a man in France to imitate his example. I heartily pity that other innocent person, the unhappy groom of the chambers, who lies there accused unjustly of having stolen a diamond; and could have wished, as Don Cleofas, that Asmodeus had set him at liberty; but I am mightily pleased with the reason he gives, why it is not in his power, when he tells him, that was he himself in prison, he could not escape the hands of justice, without paying his ransom. Mentioning another robbery, for which the man who committed it lies likewise in prison, he seems to strike the judges pretty hard. Zambullo asked him, if the man who lost the pistoles has had them returned to him? Not at all, says Asmodeus; they are so many proofs of the fact, and such witnesses they never part with; nor, indeed, does he shew more regard to the holy inquisition, only that he speaks of that reverend tribunal in a very low voice.

The

ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES. 11.

The dismal prospects of the prisons are succeeded by scenes more pleasant. What do you think of the distinguished piety of Sanguisuela, that rancorous vulture, who took six hundred ducats premium for the loan of three hundred and forty; but would not tell the money, till he had first been at mass, and heard a sermon. The sleeping lady, who mistook her lover for her footman, must have been in great confusion at the discovery; and that coolness of behaviour her gallant shewed upon the occasion, is admirable. He met the happy valet upon the head of the stairs; Ambrose, said he to him, do not go in, your mistress desires you will let her rest a little longer.

We shift the scene once more, and come to an hospital for the reception of people who are lunatick, or mad. How many different kinds of madness do we there find proceeding from as various causes? That Castilian news-monger had his brain disturbed by a paragraph in the news-papers, giving an account that twenty-five Spaniards were beaten by fifty Portuguese. Don Blas is gone mad, for being obliged to give back the dowry of his deceased wife; and that poor schoolmaster has crack'd his brain in researches after the *paulo post futurum*

12 ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES.

turum of a Greek verb. You see women, too, confined here; the wife of a country justice, who ran mad at being called a cit, by a woman of quality. And the wife of the treasurer of the council of the Indies, who has undergone the same fate, at being obliged, in a narrow passage, to make her coach go back, to give way to a dutchess.

Asmodeus then shews the student a number of people who deserve to have a place in Bedlam, as much as they who are confined. As that rich widow of a master-builder, who bequeaths all she has to grandees, merely on account of their titles, and will leave nothing to a man, who, she acknowledges has done her very great service, for fear his name should be a disgrace to her last will and testament; and I am hugely pleased with that gallant cavalier of three-score, who recounts the adventures of his youth to a young lady he is in love with, and expects she will regard him for what he has been. I moreover like that good dean, who buys up jewels, trinkets, and all sorts of rich furniture, that, after his death, they may embellish the catalogue of his inventory. You may judge of the other fools from these instances.

ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES. 13

Asmodeus extends his observations even to the dead. He carries Zambullo to a church full of sepulchral monuments, and gives him an account of the persons for whom they are erected. Sometimes he gives a very short character of the deceased, or only mentions the manner of their death. This is the tomb of a general officer, who at his return home, like Agamemnon, found an Ægisthus in his house. In another lies a courtier, who never troubled himself about any thing but attending the levee. And a little farther lies an old director of the Indies and his young wife, strangely mingled together. An apoplexy seized him just as he was going to disinherit two children he had by a former marriage; and his wife died the next day, out of vexation that her husband did not live three days longer.

The demon, by the power he possessed, makes Zambullo see the departed spirits of the dead, and among the rest, three famous actresses, whose exit was pretty extraordinary. One died of a surfeit after a debauch; a second of envy at the applauses given another actress at her first appearance upon the stage; and the third of a miscarriage, after she had been acting in the

14 ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES.

the character of a vestal. I question much if the physicians greatly like those pieces of representation, that Asmodeus shews the student upon the wings of death ; and a man must have a diabolic imagination, to suppose young graduates in physic making their appearance there in the presence of death, who confers upon them their degrees. I would not advise a man of a sickly constitution to speak of doctors so disrespectfully.

Observe, Sir, how artfully Asmodeus changes the subject ; and, to efface from the mind of his friend the melancholy impressions occasioned by the sight of death, and the ghosts of the dead, introduces a history founded on the effects of the strength of friendship. It is equally well told as the story of Count Belshor ; though, on account of the tragical catastrophe, I am not ill-pleased to find it immediately followed by the chapter of dreams, which the demon unfolds very often in a manner that approaches to reality. The dreams, for example, of the attorney and his wife, do not much deviate from truth. The man dreams he is going to see a client in the infirmary, and to supply him with some of his own money ; and the woman is
pos-

ASMODEUS'S CRUTCHES. 15

possessed with the imagination that her husband is driving out of his house a strong stout fellow of a clerk, of whom he is become jealous ; and the dream of that lady, who fancies that Jupiter is fallen in love with her, and endeavours to win her, under the appearance of a handsome page, is not, perhaps altogether chimerical.

I will not say any thing, Sir, upon the observations you will find on the several people who pass in the day-time thro' the streets of Madrid, nor on the subject of the redeemed captives. It is still the same Asmodeus who speaks, and continues his remarks, with the same sense and penetration. The work is finished in the manner in which it was begun, and the judicious reader will find, to the last, strokes of the crutches, which he may improve to his advantage and edification.

I am, Sir, &c.

THE





THE
D E V I L
UPON
C R U T C H E S.



C H A P. I.

Which shews what sort of a devil this same devil upon crutches was; where and by what accident Don Cleofas Leandro Perez de Zambullo became acquainted with him.



T was in the month of October, one dark and cloudy night, at a time when the people being retired to their respective homes, had left the streets of Madrid free for the serenades of lovers, some of whom sung their successes, while others, to the soft airs of the guittar, tuned their mournful plaints, alarming the jealous husband
and

and anxious parent.---It was now almost the hour of midnight, when Don Cleofas Leandro Perez Zambullo, a student of Alcala, sallied suddenly through the window of a house where a love-affair had engaged him, to get clear of a set of ruffians, who closely pursued him, with a design to force him to marry a woman they had surprised him with, or take away his life.

Although he was single against three or four of them, he valiantly defended himself, and would not have had recourse to flight, but that in the scuffle he was disarmed. They followed him for some time over the tops of the houses; but by the favour of the night he escaped their pursuit, and made the best of his way towards a light, which, though faint and glimmering, served as a beacon to direct him how to steer in this perilous course. After having been often in danger of breaking his neck, at last he got to the place whence it proceeded; where, entering through a window, he was as much rejoiced as a pilot, who from the dangers of shipwreck sees his vessel sail safely into port.

The

The first thing he did was to consider attentively every thing about this apartment he had entered, and which, upon examination, he found to be very singular. There was a copper lamp that hung from the cieling, with books and papers in confusion upon the table, a sphere and compass in one corner, and vials and quadrants in another; all which made him conclude there lived below some astrologer, who in this musæum made his learned observations. He was reflecting upon the danger he had fortunately escaped, and considering with himself whether he had better stay there till morning, or take some other course, when he was all on a sudden surprized with a deep groan issuing from something that was near him. At first he took it for a phantome of his own disturbed imagination, some illusion of the night; and therefore disregarding it, continued his reflections; but hearing the same thing repeated, he no longer doubted of the reality of it, and perceiving no body in the room with him, immediately cried, "Who the devil makes this groaning here?" He was immediately answered, in a very extraordinary voice, "Signor student,

student, 'tis I, who have been for above these six months corked up in one of these vials. The fellow that lives in this house is a great astrologer, and magician into the bargain; and by the power of his cursed art keeps me plugged up here in this manner." "What, you are a spirit then?" answered Don Cleofas, somewhat surprized at the oddity of this adventure. "I am a devil, (replied the voice) and you come most opportunely to set me at liberty; for I languish here under a state of inactivity, being, in my own nature, of all the devils in hell, perhaps the most alert and industrious."

These words, not a little startled Signor Zambullo; but, as he was naturally bold, he soon recovered himself, and with a resolute tone made answer, "I desire (says he) your devilship will please to inform me what rank you hold in your own country; do you sit in the house of peers, or are you only a plebeian?" "Sir, (answered the voice) I am a demon of high rank, and of the greatest character of all, both in this and the other world." "Perhaps than you are Lucifer:" (says Cleofas) "No, no, (replied the voice) he is concerned only with mountebanks."

"Are

UPON CRUTCHES. 21

“Are you then Uriel?” (answered the other). “O fye, Sir! (answered the voice hastily) he has nothing to do but with taylors, bakers, butchers, and all scrub sort of fellows.”

“I fancy then you must be Belzebub,” (says Leandro). “You jest surely, (says the other) he is the demon of grooms and governantes.” “That surprizes me; (continues Leandro) for I always took him to be one of the principal of all your fraternity.” So far from it, (replies the demon) that he is one of the very lowest among us. I find, Sir, you know nothing at all of hell.”

“Who a plague are you then? (continues the student) Are you Leviathan, Belphegor, or Ashtaroth?” “Oh! as for these three, (said the voice) there you touch upon spirits of the first order; they all belong to the court, enter into the counsels of princes, inspire ministers, form leagues, plan conspiracies, and light the flambeaux of war. They are none of your petty-fogging rascals, such as before you mentioned.” “I pray tell me, (says the student) what are the functions of Flagel?” “He presides over the inns of
of

of court, is the soul of chicane, and the spirit of the bar, (replies the other.) He furnishes bailiffs and attornies with cases; precedents, and reports, dictates to special pleaders, suggests hints to counsel, and now and then makes the circuit with the judges.

As for me, my function is different from all these, my province being to make matches between old dotards and young girls, masters and their maids, and to couple young ladies of small fortunes with passionate lovers that are not worth a groat. It was I that first introduced into the world luxury, debauch, gaming-tables, and the philosopher's stone. I claim the honour likewise of having first brought into vogue dancing, music, farce, revelling, drums, routs, beatups, and all the other fashionable modes of France. In a word, Sir, my name is Asmodeus, alias, The devil upon crutches."

"Lord! (cries Don Cleofas) are you the celebrated Asmodeus, of whom so honourable mention is made by Agrippa, and in the talmud of Solomon? If it is so, you have not told me all the qualifications

UPON CRUTCHES. 23

cations you possess, but have passed over the very best of them. If I am not much mistaken, you amuse yourself now and then in giving some of your assistance to unhappy lovers: by the same token, I fancy it was by your help a friend of mine, a young fellow in the town of Alcala, about a year ago, found ways and means to insinuate himself into the good graces of a lady, the wife of one of our doctors of the university." "Why, that is even true enough; (says the spirit) I did not mention that talent of mind to you; I kept it to the last, as being the most valuable of all my qualifications. I am the demon of luxury, or to speak more honourably of myself, the god Cupid; for the poets have given me that pretty name, and have been pleased to make such descriptions of me, as if I was the loveliest babe in the world. If you take their words for it, I am equipt with gilded wings, a fillet over my eyes, a quiver full of arrows rattling on my shoulder, and am a child of passing beauty. You shall immediately see how far all this is true, if you will only set me free from my prison."

" Signior

“ Signior Asmodeus, (replies Leandro Perez) you know 'tis a long time since I have been entirely your votary, witness the danger I have just now escaped; and I should be proud of any opportunity to serve you; but as the vessel you have got rammed into his doubtless enchanted, I shall never be able to disengage you from it; so that I see no way possible for me to get you out. Besides, I really am not much used to exploits of this kind; and to be plain with you, if a devil of your vast abilities and address cannot extricate yourself from these dilemmas, it would be a kind of presumption, I think, for a weak mortal like me to attempt it.”

“ Men have a power to effect such things: (replied the demon.) This vial I am corked up in may be as easily broken as any other common glass bottle. If you take it only and dash it against the ground, you will immediately see me appear in a human shape.” “ If that is the case, (says our student) the affair is more easily managed than I imagined. Come, let me know then in which of these bottles you have taken up your residence, for there are a number of them so like one another, that I cannot possibly

sibly distinguish you." "I am the fourth from the window; (replies the spirit) and though there be a magic seal upon the cork, yet the vial will go to pieces for all that."

"I am satisfied; (says Don Cleofas) and am now ready to do what you desire of me; there remains only one small difficulty: when I have done you this piece of service, perhaps I may have the broken bottle to pay for my pains."

"There shall no evil happen to you on my account; (replies the demon) on the contrary, you will be quite satisfied with my gratitude. I'll instruct you in whatever you desire to know. I'll let you in to every thing that passes in the world, and discover to you the foibles of mankind. I will be your tutelar demon, and a much more able one than the familiar of Socrates; for I take upon me to make you more wise and knowing than that philosopher. In short, I make a tender of myself to you, with all my good and bad qualities, and both will be equally serviceable to you."

"Why faith you promise very fair,
r. Devil, (said the student) but gentle-
VOL. I. C men

men of your cloth are not the most famous for always strictly observing promises." "I own (replies Asmodeus) there is a good deal of truth in what you say; my brethren do all of them very often fail of performing what they have promised: but as to me, the case is quite otherwise; for not only the service you are to do me is what I can never sufficiently requite, but I am besides naturally a slave to my word; and I swear to you by every thing that can make an oath binding, I will not deceive you; you may fully depend on the assurances I give you. And what ought still to be more agreeable to you, I engage, that before this night be at an end, you shall be amply revenged upon Donna Thomasa, that perfidious woman, who had concealed these four assassins to surprise you, and oblige you to marry her."

Young Zambullo was particularly tickled with this last declaration: to hasten the accomplishment of it, he immediately laid hold of the vial the demon had pointed out to him, and without more hesitation of what might be the consequence, dashed it against the floor. It broke into a thousand pieces, and covered the ground with

with a blackish kind of liquor, which evaporating by degrees, formed a cloud, that disappearing all at once, presented to the view of the astonished Leandro Perez the figure of a man in a cloak, of about two foot and an half high, supported on two crutches. This little, deformed monster had the legs of a goat, a long visage, a sharp chin, a flat snub nose, with a complexion somewhat between black and yellow; his eyes, which were extremely small, resembled two burning coals; his mouth excessively wide was garnished with a pair of lips that could scarce be matched, and feathered with red moustachos.

This sweet little Cupid had upon his head a kind of turban of red crape, crested with a plume of cock's and peacock's feathers. Round his neck he wore a kind of scarf, on which was drawn several models of necklaces and earrings. He was clothed in a short, satin vest, surrounded by a broad belt of white parchment, marked with cabalistical characters. On that were represented divers patterns of stays for the ladies, all contrived to set off the neck and bosom to advantage; scarfs, various coloured aprons, and new-fashioned caps, every one more extraordinary than another.

But all this was nothing in comparison to his cloak, the ground of which was likewise of white satin. On it were represented with China ink, an infinite number of various figures, with such an amazing force of pencil, and such strength of expression, as shewed plainly some demon must have had an hand in the performance. In one part was a Spanish lady in her veil, enticing a stranger to take a walk with her; in another a French coquette practising new airs at her glass, which she was to make trial of before a young Abbé, who attended at her chamber-door with patches and paints. Here Italian cavaliers sung and played on the guittar, under the balconies of their mistresses; and there you might see a set of Germans, open-breasted, in horrible confusion, all roaring drunk, spewing round a table, and stinking more of tobacco, than a Parisian petit-maitre smells of perfume. In another place you might see a mussulman lord coming out of the bath, attended by the women of his seraglio, who, every one more officious than another, pressed round him to offer their service. And among other things was represented, in most lively colours, an English gentleman, who with excessive politeness, and with all the airs of a gallant, was

was tendering to his mistress a quart pot and a pipe of tobacco.

There were likewise intermixed gamblers of all sorts, wonderfully well represented ; some, under the sensations of the most lively transports, were filling their hats with gold and bank-notes ; and others, who had been quite stript, were uttering most horrid blasphemies, and hurling defiance toward the vault of heaven. In a word, there were represented on this robe as many wonderful phænomena, as on that shield which Vulcan made at the request of Thetis ; but with this difference, that the figures of the buckler bore no manner of allusion to the exploits of Achilles ; whereas the figures on Asmodeus's mantle were so many lively images of all that passes in the world by his instigation.

C H A P II.

Continuation of the deliverance of Asmodeus.

THIS demon easily perceiving that his outward mein was no great recommendation in his favour, said, with a smile, “ Well, Signior Don Cleofas Le-

andro Perez Zambullo, you see the charming god of love, this sovereign master of hearts. What do you think of my air and beauty? Are you not of opinion the poets are excellent painters?" "Why, upon my soul, I think, to speak freely, they rather flatter a little, (replied Cleofas.) I fancy you did not chuse this form when you appeared before Psyche." "No, thank you, Sir, (replied he) I knew better; I appeared before her in the figure of a French marquis, to do the quicker execution. Vice must put on an agreeable outside, otherwise it would not take; and I can assume all shapes I please, and could have shewn myself to you in any fantastical figure; but as I am entirely devoted to your service, and want to disguise nothing from you, I thought it best you should see me under a form the most suitable to the opinion people have of my person and function."

"I do not at all wonder (answered Leandro) you should be so confoundedly ugly; (I beg pardon for the expression, Sir, only the situation we are in at present requires we should not use ceremony) your features exactly agree with the idea I formed of you, only I should be glad to know how you come to be lame."

"It

“It happened to me in France (answered Asmodeus) in a fray I had with Palliardoc, the demon of usurers. A young squire from the country came to Paris to make his fortune. As he was an excellent subject, a youth of most promising parts, we very briskly disputed the possession of him, and fought in the nether region of the air; when Palliardoc, being stronger than I, threw me down to the earth, as Jupiter erst served Vulcan, according to the poets. From the resemblance of our adventures my companions called me The devil upon Crutches; and in their mirth fixed this nick-name upon me. However, lame as I am, I can make shift to go a good pace; you shall presently have a proof of my agility.

But (continued he) let us finish this conversation, and make haste to get out of this place. The magician will be here by and by, to settle the affairs of a beautiful sylphid, who comes here every night to meet him. Should he catch us, he would certainly not fail to bottle me up again, and it would be odds but he provided for you in the same manner; and therefore let us throw the bits of broken glass out of the window, that this necromancer may not perceive my escape.”

“Suppose (says Zambullo) he should perceive it after we are gone, what would be the consequence?” What would be the consequence? (replied the demon) I suppose, by asking that question, you have never read the book on Restrictions: Should I fly to the mansions destined for the burning salamanders, or seek for shelter in the solitary recesses of the desert: were I to wing my flight to the regions of the Gnomes, or plunge into the fathomless abysses of the sea; none of these could protect me from the power of his resentment. He would make such horrible exorcisms as would awaken hell thro’ its inmost caverns. It would be in vain for me to resist his will. I should be obliged, do what I could, to appear before him, and submit to what punishment he should think proper to inflict on me.”

“If that is the case, (answered Cleofas) I am under some doubts that our correspondence will be but of short duration. This tremendous magician will undoubtedly find out that you have escaped.” “That I cannot pretend to determine; (answered the spirit) for we are ignorant as to the secrets of futurity.” “How, (replied the other) are demons kept in the dark as

to what shall happen hereafter?" "Assuredly, (answered Asmodeus.) The people who trust to us on that account are all bubbled. And hence it is that all your fortune-tellers talk such absurdities to ladies of quality, when they consult them on future events. We know nothing but the past and the present; and therefore I am ignorant whether the magician will discover my escape or not. I only hope he will not; and that as there are several vials of the same kind with that which was in my apartment, he will not perceive it to be missing: and I have further to say, that I was among his apparatus, as a law book is a counsellor's study. He hardly ever thought of me; and if he did, he never honoured me so far as to take the least notice of me. He is the most insolent of all the necromancers I know; for during the time I was in his custody, he never vouchsafed so much as once to speak to me."

"What a fellow this must be? (answered the student) but what have you done thus to draw upon you his resentment?" "I thwarted him in one of his designs, (replied the demon.) A place happened to be vacant in a certain university, which he had a mind to dispose of in favour of his friend;

friend; and I supported the interest of another candidate. The magician made a talisman composed of several cabalistical characters, and I got my friend into the service of a great minister, whose interest was too prevalent for the conjurations of the other.

After this Asmodeus picking up all the bits of the broken vial, threw them out of the window, and addressing himself to the student, "Signior Zambullo, (says he) let us make our escape as quick as we can; take fast hold of the skirts of my cloak, and fear nothing." Tho' this appeared to Don Cleofas a very perilous expedient, he thought it preferable to running the risk of the magician's resentment, and therefore clung as close as he could to the demon, who winged him off in an instant.

C H A P. III.

To what place the demon carried Don Cleofas, and what stones he first presented to his view.

IT was not without reason Asmodeus boasted of his agility. He cut the air swift as the flight of an arrow, and perched on the pinnacle of the church of St. Salvador. When he had fixed himself there; he

he said to his companion, " Well, (Signior Leandro) what do you think ? when people meet with a bad coachman, they say he is the devil of a driver, are they not in the wrong ?" " Very much so, (answers Leandro) and I can bear witness to it. I assure you, Sir, your vehicle is smoother than litter, and makes so much speed that one can hardly be tired on the road."

" Well, Sir, (answers the demon) you don't know why I have pitch'd you here. I intend to shew you every thing that now passes in Madrid ; and as I am to begin with this part of it, I could not find any spot more proper than this for my purpose. In consequence of the power I possess as a demon, I will strip off the tops of all the houses of this great city ; and notwithstanding the shades of the night, you shall see what passes within them, as clearly as if it were noon-day." After saying this, he stretched out his right hand, and instantaneously the tops of the houses vanished from their sight. Immediately upon this the student of Alcala had a full view of all the different apartments. He saw them, to use the words of Louis Velez de Guevara, as a man sees what is in a pye when the upper crust is taken off.

Such a scene opened to his view as was too interesting not to command all his attention. He cast his eyes every where, and the variety of objects that presented themselves to his sight, afforded him abundant matter to employ his curiosity. “ Signior Don Cleofas, (says the demon) this variety of objects that forces your attention is doubtless a very amusing scene of contemplation, but is amusement only. I want to render it useful to you ; and by giving you a perfect insight into the characters of the different persons, to explain those parts they are now acting on this stage of your world ; and by discovering the most inward and hidden motives, disclose the true and real sources of human actions.

And to begin : observe first that old man in the house upon your right hand, you see him counting over his money. He is a city miser. His coach, which he had for almost nothing, in the distress of a seizure, is scarcely dragged along by two jades of horses, whom he feeds according to the laws of the twelve tables : that is to say, he allows them a pound of oats a day, and deals by them as the Romans did by their slaves. *

* Monsieur la Sage seems to be indebted for the learning in this remark to his friend M. Dacier, who.

UPON CRUTCHES. 37

It is now two years since he returned from the Indies with a vast sum of gold in ingots, which he has turned into specie. Observe the old rogue, with what a glee he feasts his eyes in looking upon his money : he can never have enough of it ; but at the same

who in his commentary upon the passage of Horace,

Rogabat
Denique cur unquam fugisset, cui satis una
Farris libra foret,

says the *libra farris* was the common allowance to the slaves, and quotes the authority of the twelve tables, *qui cum vinctum habebit, libras farris indies dato*. But I am afraid there is a small literary mistake both in the foresaid M. Dacier's commentary, and consequently in our author, who takes it upon his word ; as this pound of oats seems to have been allotted by the decemviri, as the groats in our jails, for the maintenance of the Nexi, or confined debtors, which the creditors were obliged to give them : And I shall for the comfort and edification of my readers, transcribe the fragment of that ancient and venerable record.

Aris confessei, rebusque joure joudicatis, triginta dies justi sunt : postidea manus endo jactio esto : in jous ducito. Nei joudicatum facit, aut quips endo joure em vindicit, secum ducito, vincito aut nervo, aut compedibus quindecim pondo, ne minore : aut si volet majore vincito. Seu volet, suo vivito, nei suo vivit, qui em vinctum habebit libras farris endo dies dato ; sei volet, plus dato.

time

time cast your eyes upon what passes in a little parlour just by him ; don't you see there two young fellows and an old woman ?" " Yes I do (says Cleofas) ; I suppose they are his children." " No, they are not (replies the demon) ; they are his nephews, who are to be his heirs ; and so impatient are they to share his spoils, that they have sent for that old hag of a fortune-teller, to inform them how soon he will die.

In the next house I perceive two pretty odd figures ; one a superannuated coquette, who is gone to bed, after having discombered herself of her hair, eye-brows, and teeth, which she has placed with the other implements of her toilet. The other a beau of threescore, who is come home quite warm from an intrigue. He has undressed himself without help, as far as one eye and his whiskers, and a wig that covers a bald pate ; but waits for his servant to take off his arm and his wooden leg, and then he'll go to bed with what remains."

" If I can trust my eyes (says Zambullo) I see in the same house an exquisitely fine young lady of a graceful stature : what a delicate air she has ?" " That beauteous damsel

damself you are so smit with, (replies Asmodeus) is no other than the eldest sister of the beau that is now going to bed; she exactly matches the old coquette who lodges with her. That graceful stature you so much admire, is owing to a machine which is the utmost effort and perfection of all mechanics. Her breasts and hips are artificial; and it is not a great while ago that she went to celebrate high mass, and had the misfortune to drop her backside at the altar. However, as she assumes the airs of a young lady, there are two gentlemen have disputed their pretensions to her so warmly, that they have even, upon her account, fought a duel. I give them joy with all my heart. Methinks I see two dogs worrying one another for a bare bone.

“Come and divert yourself with me at this concert of musick here in the house of a citizen. They are a-singing cantatas. The subject of the song is the love-sick passion of an alderman; the words are made by a city-beau, who composes for his own amusement, and the plague of his neighbours, and set to music by a grave counsellor. The instrumental musick consists of a spinnet and a bagpipe. A great lath-backed fellow from the choir of one of the

40 THE DEVIL

cathedrals sings the treble, and a hoarse young girl warbles out the base." "What a delightful entertainment of musick this is? (says Don Cleofas laughing) if one were to exhibit a ridicule upon all concerts, it could not be done so successfully."

"Turn your eyes towards that magnificent hotel, (continues the demon) and you will perceive a man of quality lying in a rich apartment: he has by him a box full of billet-doux, which he is reading over to procure him soft slumbers; for they are from a nymph whom his soul adores, and who has already taken so much care of his finances, that he must by and by see to get himself transported to some government.

But if every thing in this great house is hushed in repose, the case is not the same in this other on our left hand. You distinguish, don't you, a woman in a damask bed? she is a lady of quality: her name is Donna Fabula. She has this moment sent for a midwife, and is going to compliment her husband, Don Torribio, whom you see by her bed-side, with a son and heir. Are not you delighted with the great good-nature of her spouse? The cries of his dear
rib:

UPON CRUTCHES. 41

rib quite pierce him to the heart, and he suffers as much as she does. With what officious earnestness he hurries up and down to fetch things for her." "Upon my word; (says Leandro) the man seems in a great deal of agitation; but I see another person in the house who seems to sleep snug, without any concern about what passes." "Ay, but he is in the wrong, (says Asmodeus) for he is a footman in the family, and is the true cause of all this good lady's pain and distress.

Look a little farther, and observe that hypocrite in a parlour, who is larding himself with hogs-grease, in order to go to a society of wizards, who are to hold an assembly this night, in a place between St. Sebastian's and Fontarabia. I would take you there immediately, and entertain you with a sight of the community, but am afraid of being known by the demon who presides over that congregation."

"I suppose then, (says Cleofas) this demon and you are not quite good friends."
"No, by God: 'tis the same Palliardoe whom I have before mentioned to you. That rascal would betray me; he would not fail to give notice to the magician of
my

my escape." "There has been a fresh quarrel then between you and this same Palliardoc?" (says Cleofas.) "You are in the right, (replied Asmodeus.) It is about two years ago that we differed about a young Parisian, who was a-going to begin the world. Each of us wanted to have the disposal of him. Palliardoc wanted to have made him an attorney. I intended him for a beau; and our friends, to end the dispute, made him a monk; and after that they reconciled us. We shook hands and have ever since been at mortal enmity with each other."

"Come (says Don Cleofas) let us leave these forcerers; I have no inclination to make one with them. We'll examine a little more these objects we have now in view. What is the meaning of those sparks of fire that come out of that cellar?" "This is one of the most foolish pursuits men ever engaged in, (replies the demon.) The man you see hard by the flaming furnace is a chymist, and that fire gradually consumes his fortune; nor will he ever find out what he is in search of. To tell you the truth, the philosopher's stone is nothing else but a chimerical bubble I myself invented as a mockery upon human understanding, which is always endeavouring to pass the bounds nature has prescribed it. This

UPON CRUTCHES. 43

This subterraneous student has for his neighbour a very good kind of a man, an apothecary, who is not yet gone to bed : see how he works in his shop, with an old woman his wife, and that boy his apprentice. You don't know what they are busied about; the apothecary is making a prolifick bolus for an old barrister that is to be married to-morrow ; the boy is mixing a laxative potion, and the old woman is very busy about astringent pills."

" In that house over-against the apothecary, (says Zambullo) I see a man who, in a great hurry, is got out of bed and dressing himself." " Pshaw! (said the demon) 'tis a physician they have called, upon a very pressing occasion truly : a fat bishop has happened to cough two or three times since he went to bed, and this doctor of physick has been sent for in a great hurry, to prescribe for him."

But come, look this way and take a peep into that garret. You see a man walking up and down this apartment in nothing but his shirt, and his room lighted by a lamp that scarcely burns." " I do observe him, (answers the student) and think I can make an inventory of his moveables, a
Clock

flock-bed, a joint-stool, and something that resembles a table ; and the walls of the room seem to be daubed with black." " This same personage, who has taken up his residence so near the skies, (replied the spirit) is a poet ; and those daubings of black are tragick verses of his own composing, with which he hangs his chamber instead of tapestry ; for being disappointed in paper he is fain to have recourse to the walls."

" What strange faces the man makes ? (says Cleofas) how he skips and twists himself as he walks ? surely he must be big with some work of mighty import." " You are not mistaken in your conjecture : (replied Asmodeus) it was but yesterday he finished a new tragedy, entitled, The Universal Deluge : and notwithstanding the extent of his subject, he cannot be reproached for breaking the unity of place, for the whole scene is confined to Noah's ark.

In good truth it is a most excellent piece. Not a four-footed beast in it but speaks like a learned doctor. He intends a dedication for this rare performance ; and as he designs to find a patron, has been working on the dedication for above these six hours, and is, at this instant, subscribing
himself

himself with proper epithets : and one may venture to affirm, that of all dedications which have ever yet appeared, this is the master-piece. No one virtue, civil or moral ; no commendations whatsoever, that can be claimed by any man, either for his own or the achievements of the most illustrious ancestors, have, in this epistle dedicatory been omitted : never did any other offer incense of praise so liberally.”

“ On what illustrious patron (said the student) has he bestowed this high elogium ?”

“ That he don’t know yet (replied the demon) he has left a blank for the name, and intends to look out sharp for some noble lord that may be less close-fisted than those who stand at the head of his former works. In reality, there are but few people now a-days that give any tolerable price for a dedication. Great men have got the better of their foibles in this respect ; and it must be owned, that in so doing they have rendered an infinite service to the publick, which was quite pestered with such a deluge of trash as no age had ever laboured under ; for the most part of all their books were writ with no other view than of what they were in hopes to touch from the dedication.

“A propos, (continues the demon) now we are upon the chapter of dedications, I'll tell you a merry story enough. A lady belonging to the court gave leave for a dedication, but would see it before it was printed; and upon reading it over, judged that there was not enough said; upon which she was so good as to write a dedication herself, and sent it to the author to put to the press.”

“I think (cries Leandro) I see some people entering into a house thro' a balcony; I fancy they are thieves.” “You are in the right, (says Asmodeus) they are; and are now going into a banker's shop. Let us see what they are about; they are now got into the compters, and are rummaging every place: but this prudent cash-monger has bit them. Last night he went off for Holland with all the money he had.”

“I see another of these gentlemen, (says Zambullo) he is scaling a balcony by a silk ladder.” “No (says Asmodeus) he is no house-breaker, he is a marquis, who wants to get into the bed-chamber of a maiden lady, who has hitherto preserved her virginity, but now wants to get clear of the incumbrance. He has made her some slight pro-

UPON CRUTCHES. 47

promises of marriage, and she has very easily swallowed them; for in love-traffick these marquisses are a set of people that can command mighty credit upon their bare word."

"I am vastly curious (says the student) to know who this man is, I see writing in his gown and night-cap. He appears mighty eager about his business, and there is a little black fellow by him, who seems as if he guided his hand." "The man who writes (answered the demon) is an attorney, who, to oblige a very grateful guardian, is altering a deed made in favour of an orphan; and that little black devil is Griffael, to whose charge is committed all attornies." "But this Griffael (answers Cleofas) must only act by way of deputy; for as Flagel presides over the inns of court, I fancy these gentlemen belong to his office." "No they don't," (replied the demon.) After much debate it was carried that the attornies should have one entirely for themselves; and upon my soul he has enough to do.

"Observe (says Asmodeus) in that merchant's house next the attorney's, a young lady who lodges in the first floor; her husband

band is dead, and the man hard by her is her uncle, who lodges in the apartments above her. How modest this widow is? she won't so much as touch her smock in the presence of her uncle, but chastely retires into a closet, for her gallant to put it on, whom she has there concealed.

There lives with the attorney one of his relations, a fat, jolly batchelor, who is a nonpareil for mirth and buffoonry: Volumnius, * whom Cicero talks so much of, for smartness and repartee, was a fool to him: he is called in Madrid by way of pre-eminence, the batchelor Donoso, and is courted by people of all ranks and conditions, whose tables are ever open to him, and where he is always welcome. He has a most happy talent at making a company merry, and is the joy of an entertainment; so that every day in his life he repairs to

* This Volumnius was in his day, it seems a great joker: and Cicero had in that way a great opinion of him; for in a letter he writes him, (ep. 32. lib 7. ad familiares) he desires they may preserve *urbanitatis possessionem, in qua*, says he, *te unum metuo, contemno cæteros*; though, by the way, it appears from the same epistle, that he thought himself in point of wit and repartee, superior to Volumnius, and every man breathing.

some

UPON CRUTCHES. 49

some house of good cheer, and generally stays till about two in the morning. To-day he dined with the marquis of Alcanizas, which happened by chance." "How by chance?" (says Leandro) "I will explain my meaning to you (says Asmodeus) this day at noon there were at his door five or six coaches from different noblemen, to invite him to dinner. He brought all their lacqueys into one room, and taking a pack of cards, "As I cannot (says he) have the honour of waiting upon all your masters at once, and won't presume to prefer any one to the rest, you shall cut for me; I dine with the king of clubs."

"What can that man mean, (says Cleofas) in the next street, who sits upon the threshold of a door? does he wait till some Abigail comes to let him in?" "No, no, (says Asmodeus) he has no such hopes. He is a young Castilian; the very essence of romantick love. Out of pure gallantry, and to imitate the ancients †, he lies whole nights

† These nocturnal pains, (if we may be allowed the expression) occasioned by the ladies to their lovers, is not modern, or the invention of Castilians.

Me us longas persunt noctes

Lydia dicit,

nights at his mistress's door, thrumming upon the guittar passionate airs of his own composition ; but his Dulcinea, who lodges in the second story, passes the night in sighs for the absence of his rival.

Let us pass to this new building, which is divided into two parts. One of them is inhabited by the owner, who is an old cavalier, whom you see walking up and down his room, and every now and then dropping into his great chair." " I fancy (says Zambullo) he is big with some mighty project ; who is he ? if one were to judge of him from the richness of the furniture that is in his house, he seems to be a nobleman of the first distinction." " He is only a money-scrivener, for all that, (says Asmodeus.) This fellow has grown grey-headed in different lucrative employments, and is now worth a brace of plums : and as he is not without some scruples in regard to the ways and means he has used in amassing

was an old complaint. Horace has given us a compleat specimen of these nightly dittys, in the 10th ode of his 3d book ; and in the opinion of the learned, examples of these *portal hymns*, these *παρτι-κλαυσίδικα*, (as the *Greeks* of old called them) may be seen and perused by the young student in the 3d and 23d Idyll of Theocritus.

this

UPON CRUTCHES. 51

this great fortune, and finds himself drawing near the period when he must make up his accounts in the other world, his conscience is a little touched. He intends to build a monastery ; and flatters himself that by this religious act, he shall be able to make a compensation for his former iniquities. He has already obtained a permission to found a religious house ; but as he is at present determined to fill it only with such as are chaste, sober, and humble, he is greatly puzzled whom he shall fix upon.

In the other part of this building dwells a handsome woman, who, after having bathed in milk, is just going to bed. This fine lady is the widow of a knight of St. Jago, who left her nothing but a title ; but she has luckily insinuated herself into the good graces of two gentlemen of the council of Castile, who club for the expence of her family."

"My God ! says the student, what cries and lamentations do I hear ? the very air rings with them ; has any terrible misfortune happened ?" " I'll tell you the occasion of it, says Asmodeus : two young gentlemen were engaged at cards, at that gaming-house where you see such a number

of lamps and tapers ; they quarrelled, and immediately drew, and wounded each other mortally. The eldest is married, and the youngest is an only child. Both at this instant are expiring ; and the father of the one, and the wife of the other, hearing of this fatal accident, are come to the spot here, and fill the air with their cries: Unhappy boy ! (cries the aged father, addressing himself to his son, who now no longer hears him) how often have I warned you of the dangerous consequence of play ? how often have I told you it would one day or other cost you your life. Witness heaven ! it is not my fault you perish thus miserably. The poor lady is likewise distracted : tho' her husband had squandered at play the whole fortune she brought him, and had made away not only with her jewels, but every thing she had, even to her wearing apparel, she is inconsolable for the loss of him ; and in the bitter anguish of her soul curses cards and those who invented them, curses the gaming table, and all that belong to it."

"I much pity those unhappy men (says Cleofas) who have a passion for play ; they must of necessity be often in a horrible situation ; thank God, I have no such way."

way." " Ay, but you have an itch after something else quite as bad. (replied the demon) Is the passion of following courtezans, think you, a bit more reasonable? was not your life this very night in danger of falling a victim to it, by the hands of four ruffians? I love you mortals for that : your own particular failings you see in miniature, but look upon the foibles of your fellow-creatures thro' a magnifying glass.

I must shew you some more melancholy spectacles. Look upon that fat man, stretched upon his bed, in a house hard by ; this is an unhappy Levite, who is just now fallen into an apoplexy ; his nephew and niece, far from affording him any help, leave him there to die, and are busy packing up every thing that is most valuable, to carry them to a proper house, where they will have time to bewail and lament their deceased uncle.

You see likewise two men whom they are burying : they are brothers, and were both sick of the same disease, but followed different methods of cure ; one had a confidence in his physician, and the other left all to nature. They both died, one for taking every thing the doctor prescribed, and

the other for taking nothing at all.”
 “ This is very hard (says Leandro.) What must a poor man do that is sick ?”
 “ That I cannot inform you of. (says the demon) One thing I know, that there are very good medicines ; but I will not answer that there are as good physicians.”

“ Come, let us change this scene (continues Asmodeus) I will entertain you with some more diverting objects. Do you hear that racket in the other street ? a widow of sixty has this day married a young fellow of seventeen. All the wags of the neighbourhood have bestirred themselves to send them a braying concert of basons, kettles, and frying-pans.” “ You told me, (says the student) that all sorts of ridiculous marriages were under your direction ; tho’ you could have no hand in this.” “ No, really, (replies the demon) I could not well meddle in this, as I was not at my liberty : but if I had been at large, I should not have concerned myself in this affair. This lady is a woman of piety, she married only for conscience sake, that she might have, without remorse, what she so much longed for ; and these are things out of my province ; I chuse rather to sting than quiet people’s consciences.”

Not-

UPON CRUTCHES. 55

Notwithstanding the noise of this burlesque serenade, I hear another which drowns the din of the former. That other which drowns the noise of the charivari, proceeds from a tavern, where a fat Dutch captain, a French chorister, and a German officer, bawl in *trio*. They have been drinking bumpers since eight in the morning, and every one of them thinks the honour of his country concerned in making the others drunk.

View that house which stands by itself over-against the canons, and you will perceive three famous Gallician women deep in revels with as many gentlemen belonging to the court." "Ah! how pretty they are! (cries Cleofas) no wonder people of fashion should covet their company. And how fond the pretty creatures are of their lovers; certainly the ladies are desperately in love with them!" What a simpleton you are (says Asmodeus) it seems you know these sort of ladies well indeed: their hearts are falser than their faces. Whatever shew they may make, they don't value these great men one farthing. They want the protection of one, and the other two they intend to trick out of a settlement. This is the way of all coquettes. 'Tis the greatest folly imaginable for men to be at

any expence with them, for they love them not a whit the more for that : every man that bleeds freely is the husband for the time being. This rule I have myself established in all love-intrigues. But we will leave those gentlemen in the possession of the pleasures they buy so dear ; while their footmen wait for them in the streets, and hug themselves in the hopes of coming in for the second course at free cost."

"For God's sake (says Leandro Perez) let me know the meaning of this other scene I see ; every body seems to be yet on foot in this great house upon the left hand ; whence proceeds all this mirth, some laughing, others dancing ? doubtless they celebrate some high festival." "These are nuptial joys : (replies the demon) all the domesticks are making merry ; and 'tis not above three days since every one in this same house was in the utmost grief and affliction. I have a great mind to recite the particulars ; the story is indeed somewhat long, but I hope, will entertain you." The demon then began.

CHAP. IV.

The history of the amours of the Count de Belflor and Leonora de Cespedes.

COUNT Belflor, one of the greatest lords about court, was passionately in love with a young lady, Leonora de Cespedes; but he had no intention to make her his wife: the daughter of a private gentleman did not seem to him a match of sufficient dignity: he wanted only to make her his mistress.

With this view and no other, he embraced every opportunity of making her sensible of his passion, but never was able to come to an interview, or convey her a billet, so narrowly was she watched by a strict and vigilant governante, whose name was Marcella. Though he was on the brink of despair, and found his love increased by the difficulties that attended it, he studied all the means he could think of, to deceive this watchful Argus that guarded his lo.

On the other hand, Leonora, who perceived the count's passion by his looks,

could not guard herself against the same for him, and instantly conceived an affection for his person, which in the end became very violent, even without my interfering in any shape to increase it: the magician, who then had me in his clutches, put a stop to the activity of all my functions; but nature, in this case, had a proper effect: it is often as effectual as my skill, and the only difference is, that the former makes but a slow progress, and needs my help to quicken the operation.

Affairs were in this situation, when one morning Leonora and this eternal gover-nante going to church, were met by an old woman, who was counting a rosary of the largest beads hypocrisy had ever yet invented. She came up to them with a smiling countenance, and addressing herself to the duena, "Heavens preserve you! (said she) may the peace of God ever rest upon you. May I be so bold as to ask, if you are not Madam Marcella, the chaste widow of the deceased Signior Martin Rozeta?" Upon which the other answered immediately that she was. "Then I meet you in a happy hour, (said the old woman) to inform you, there is a relation of mine now at my house who wants to speak with you. He

He is just arrived from Flanders, and was an acquaintance, a most intimate acquaintance of your worthy husband, and has some matters of the last consequence to communicate to you. He would have waited upon you himself, if he had not been taken so very ill; but alas! the poor man has received extreme unction. I live but just by, do take the trouble to step along with me."

The old governante, who was a sensible discerning woman, was staggered at this, and being afraid of taking some wrong step, was doubtful what to do; which the old woman perceiving, and suspecting the reason, said, "Madam Marcella, you may without any scruple or hesitation trust to me; my name is la Chicon. The rector Marcos de Figueroa, and the curate Mira de Mesqua; will answer for me, as they would for their own grandmothers. The reason of my desiring you to go with me is, that my kinsman designs to make you restitution of a certain sum of money he once borrowed of your deceased husband." That word restitution immediately cleared dame Marcella's doubts. "Come, child, (says she to Leonora) let us go see this good woman's friend. It is an act of charity, and recommended by the church, to visit the sick."

They

They were at the house of Chicona, who conducted them into a room, where they saw a man in bed with a grey beard, who either was, or appeared to be in the last extremity." "Here, cousin, says Chicona, introducing the governante, this is dame Marcella, the virtuous and chaste widow of your once much respected friend Signior Martin Rözeta." At these words this ancient man, raising up his head, bowed to the duena, and making a sign for her to sit down, as she sat by his bed-side, spoke to her in a feeble voice: "My dear Madam Marcella, I return thanks to heaven for having been graciously pleased to spare my life till this moment, the only thing I earnestly wished for on this side of time. I was anxious lest I should die before I could have the satisfaction of seeing you, and repaying into your own hands the hundred ducats which my intimate friend your husband lent me at Bruges, to discharge a debt of honour I stood engaged for. Did he, never, good Madam, speak to you about such an affair."

"Never in his life, replied the widow, never so much as once mentioned one word about it. O he was the most generous creature! may his soul ever find rest in the
pre-

presence of God ! he forgot the services he did his friends, and, far from being of the same disposition with those pitiful fellows who make a merit of their good works, I declare, that 'till this present moment, I never had a hint that in the whole course of his life he had ever been of the least service to any of his fellow-creatures." " He must have undoubtedly had a noble soul; says the old man, and I ought to be of all men the most sensible of it ; and to convince you I am so, I must inform you of the circumstances of my situation at the time he so generously relieved me : but as I have things of the last consequence to mention, that regards the memory of the defunct, I should be very glad to mention them only before his chaste and discreet widow."

" Well then, says Chicoma, you may be alone with Madam Martella ; and in the mean while this young lady and I will retire into my closet." In so saying she left the governante with the sick man, and carried Leonora into another chamber, and without going about the business, told her at once, " My pretty Leonora, the present moments are too precious to be lost without employing them as they should be.

You

You know count Belflor by sight : he has been passionately fond of you a long while, and desired nothing so eagerly as an opportunity of making to you such a declaration : but the vigilance and strictness of your governess has never till now allowed him an opportunity. Being driven to despair, he has had recourse to me, and I have exerted my abilities in order to serve him. That old man you have been with is the count's valet de chambre ; and every thing I have been about is only a trick to deceive Marcella, and get you here.

As she ended these words, Count Belflor, who was concealed behind the hangings, ran up to Leonora, and casting himself at her feet, “ Madam, said he, forgive this artifice of a lover, who can live no longer without you. If the obliging Chicon had not found out this method of procuring an interview, I should have abandoned myself to despair.” These words, pronounced in a most tender manner by a man she now disliked, made a sensible impression on the mind of Leonora. She remained for some time in suspense what answer she should make, but at last recovering herself, answered the count with looks of anger and disdain : “ You imagine yourself no

doubt extremely obliged to this lady for her officious service, which she has dexterously performed: but know, that you will reap no advantage from it."

As she spoke this, she retired back some steps towards the room she had come from, but the count prevented her: "Stay, lovely Leonora, and vouchsafe to hear me one moment; my passion is so pure that it needs not alarm the most perfect virtue. I must own indeed, the method I have taken to procure this interview may justly awaken your suspicions, but have not I attempted in vain every other means to speak with you? for above these six months have I constantly followed you to the church, the park, and the play. In vain have I sought for every opportunity to tell you how much I am your slave. That cruel, that relentless governante has always been the bane of my happiness. Alas! instead of blaming me for what I have done, pity rather the cruel necessity which has obliged me to have recourse to stratagem, and which has made me undergo these tortures of absence and expectation: judge from the consciousness of your own charms, what mortal agonies I must have suffered."

Belflor

Belflor did not fail to heighten this pathetic expostulation with all the airs of tenderness possible, which these sparks have always at command : he even dropped some tears. Leonora was extremely moved : she could not help feeling the sentiments of tenderness and compassion : but far from yielding to such emotions, the more she found herself inclinable to relent, with so much more eagerness she press'd to get away. " Count, said she, all your fine speeches are to no purpose, and I will hear no more of them. Don't offer to keep me here any longer : quit me, and let me go out of a house where my honour is in danger, or I will immediately call out, and make the whole neighbourhood witnesses to the insolence of your behaviour." She pronounced these words with so resolute a tone of voice, that Madam Chicon, who for divers and weighty reasons declined appearing before a justice, begged Count Belflor not to carry the thing any farther. He gave over and pressed Leonora no more, who went out, that which had never happened to any woman before, as much a virgin as she had come in.

She immediately rejoined her governess, " Come, my good mother, said she, let us

us leave this sham conversation, 'tis all a trick ; get out of this dangerous house."

"What is the matter, my child ? says Marcella with astonishment, what makes you want to go in so great a hurry ?" "I will tell you immediately, replied Leonora, but we must be gone : every moment I stay here gives me fresh uneasiness." How eager soever the governante was to know the reason of all this, she was obliged to defer her curiosity, and yield to the pressing instances of this young lady. They both quitted the house directly, and left the count, his valet de chambre, and la Chicona, as much disconcerted as a set of players, when the first representation of a piece is saluted with hisses from the pit and gallery.

As soon as Leonora was in the street, she began, all in a flutter, to give her demure an account of what had passed in the apartment of la Chicona. Dame Marcella listened with great attention, and when they were got home, "I protest, said she, I am extremely shocked at what you tell me : how could I be the dupe of this old hag ? 'Tis true indeed, I did at first make some difficulty, but why did not I hold out ? I ought to have distrusted her demure and

and sanctified looks : I protest I have been guilty of a folly not to be forgiven in one of my experience. Why did not you tell me of it when we were in the house of that abominable woman ? I would have torn her eyes out : I would have spoke to Count Belflor as he deserved : and as for that pretended old fellow with the beard, who amused me with these sham stories, I would have pulled his ears for him. However, I must immediately go back and return the money they gave me as a real debt ; and if I meet with them, they shall lose nothing for having waited so long." So saying she took up her mantle, and immediately set out for the house of la Chicon.

The count was there still, in despair for the bad success of his enterprize : any other man would have given up the suit ; but he was not quite discouraged. Count Belflor, amidst a thousand good qualities, was very blameable in one thing : he allowed himself to be too much led aside by his passion for women ; and when in love with any one, was so warm in his pursuits, that tho' naturally, in other respects, a man of strict honour, yet on these occasions he was capable of violating the most sacred

sacred rights of mankind, to accomplish his ends. He was sensible he could do nothing in this affair without the assistance of Marcella; and however strict and severe her morals might be, he fancy'd she would melt at the sight of a handsome present; and he judged rightly. The fidelity of governesses is owing to want of money, or want of generosity, in those who solicit their interest.

The moment Marcella got there, and saw them all three together, she began to open as loud as ten fish-women. She called Chicona and the count all the names she could think of, and made the hundred ducats fly at the head of his valet de chambre. The count endeavoured to lay this storm, and falling on his knees before her, to make the scene more moving, begged of her to take back the ducats, and offered her a thousand pistoles more, conjuring her to take pity on him. As she had never met with such a powerful argument before to move her pity, she found herself inclinable to sentiments of compassion. She left off scolding, and balancing in her own mind the thousand pistoles with the sum she expected from Lewis de Cespides, she found, by calculation, it was

was better to seduce her ward, than to preserve her virtue; and after some affected difficulties, she took back the purse of ducats, agreed for the thousand pistoles, engaged to serve Count Belflor in his amour, and went off immediately to set about fulfilling her promise.

As she knew Leonora to be a virtuous young lady, she was upon her guard, to conceal from her every thing that might have given the least suspicion of any intelligence between her and the count, for fear of her discovering it to her father; she determined to complete her ruin more artfully, and spoke to her in this manner: ' Leonora, says she, I have had my revenge; I found them all three together, they were quite confounded with your resolute behaviour. I threatened Chicon with your father's resentment, and with bringing her to justice, and said to Count Belflor every thing that my passion could suggest. I hope that young lord will be cured of making any more such attempts, and that we shall have no more trouble from that quarter. Heavens be praised! that your virtue has got the better of the snare laid for you. I cannot help crying for joy. How I rejoice that he has not suc-

UPON CRUTCHES. 69

succeeded in his wicked artifice? for these great men make nothing of seducing young women: even those who pique themselves upon honour in other respects, make no scruple in this; as if the ruin of families was no dishonest or disgraceful action. Though I do not positively say that this is the case with the count, or that he had an intention to ruin you. No, we must not always judge uncharitably of our neighbour: perhaps his intentions were honourable. Tho' his rank and fortune may indeed intitle him to the greatest match in the kingdom, yet who knows what effect your beauty may have upon him? and I reflect that in the answers he made to my reproaches, he dropped some hints of that.'

'How do you mean, (replies Leonora) if he had intended any such thing, he certainly would have asked me of my father, who doubtless would have readily agreed to such a proposal.' 'You are perfectly in the right, replied this governante, and I am entirely of your opinion: his conduct is far from being clear, and his designs cannot be honourable. I have a great mind to go back again, and scold him afresh.' 'No, says Leonora, 'tis much better to
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forget what's past, and shew our resentment by contempt.' ' You are right again, replies the other, that is surely the best way ; you certainly judge of things better than I : but then I would beg to observe, that even notwithstanding this, we perhaps still judge too harshly of him. Supposing this conduct of his the effect of delicacy, and that before he would make any proposals to Don Lewis, he had a mind, by long services, to merit your esteem, and be assured of your love, that your mutual happiness may be more complete ; and if that is really the case, do you think, my dear, it would be wrong to listen to him ? come tell me your thoughts ; my tender concern is well known to you. Have you any inclination for the person of Count Belflor ? or would it be any violence upon your inclination to be made his wife ?'

This artful question had its effect upon young Leonora, whose heart was open, and suspected nothing ; she cast down her eyes, and blushing, owned she had no aversion to him. Her virgin modesty would not allow her to say more ; but the duena pressed her to speak her mind without reserve ; and made such good use of her

her

her pretended affection, that the young lady opened to her all her mind without reserve. ‘ Since you would have me speak freely, said she, I own that Belflor deserves the love of any woman. His person appears to me so graceful, and I have heard so many things spoke to his advantage, that I have not been able to preserve myself from being sensibly moved with his addresses to me. That constant pains you have taken to guard against them, has caused me often much uneasiness; and I will even confess to you, that I sometimes in secret bewailed the sighs your watchful diligence has made him suffer: and to say more, at this moment, instead of hating him for this wild attempt, my heart, in spite of me, pleads in his behalf, and is willing to throw the blame of it upon your too great severity.’

‘ My dear child, says Marcella, since I find his addresses are not disagreeable to you, I warrant you I will manage him.’

‘ I am but too sensible, replies Leonora sighing, of the service you are willing to do me. Was Count Belflor not the great lord he is; was he only a private gentleman, my heart would give him the preference to all men; but we must not feed
our-

ourselves with such hopes. Count Belflor is a man of the first distinction, and his birth entitles him to one of the greatest matches in the kingdom. We must not expect that he will stoop to the daughter of Don Lewis, who can bring him but a very small fortune. No, no; added she, he can have no such thoughts: he does not look upon me as one worthy to bear his name; and if I should flatter myself with any such hopes, it would be only making myself more miserable.'

'Why so? replies the governante, why will you imagine he does not love you enough to make you his wife? love works greater wonders than that every day. To hear you speak, one would imagine that there is an infinite difference between the count and you: do yourself more justice; his marrying you would be no disgrace to his rank; you are descended of an ancient and good family, nor need he at all blush at such an alliance; and since you own an inclination for him, I'll go speak to him, and see to get at the bottom of his intentions; and if they are such as I approve of, I will give him some hopes.'

'Take care how you act in this; cries Leonora, I am quite against your going
to

to him ; for if he should but suspect that I was in the least privy to it, he could not avoid holding me cheap.' ' Oh ! I know how to manage such matters better than you imagine, says Marcella. I'll begin by reproaching him with having a design upon your virtue ; he will instantly endeavour to justify himself ; so I shall hear what he says, and make him come to an explanation. Let me alone ; I will be as tender of your honour as I would of my own.'

The duenna went out in the dark of the evening, and found the count near Don Lewis's house ; to whom she gave an account of what passed between her and her young mistress ; and did not fail to insist upon her own address in discovering that he was not indifferent to Leonora. As nothing could give him greater satisfaction than this discovery, he thanked Marcella in the most lively terms ; that is, he promised to deliver into her hands by to-morrow the thousand pistoles ; for he looked upon his enterprize as good as finished, well knowing, that when once a young lady's affections are engaged, she is already half undone ; so that they parted extremely well satisfied with one another, and the duenna returned home.

Leonora, who impatiently waited, asked her what news she had brought? ‘The best in the world, replied Marcella. I have seen Count Belflor, and can assure you, his intentions are no ways dishonourable. He has no other design but that of marrying you. This he has sworn to me by every thing that is sacred. However, you may believe I did not rest satisfied with that. If it is so said I, why did you not speak to her father?’ ‘Ah! my dear Madam, (said he, without being at all disconcerted with the question,) would you approve that, without knowing the inclinations of Leonora, and following only the dictates of a blind passion, I should reduce her to the cruel necessity of obeying the orders of a tyrannical father? No, I would sacrifice my passion to her repose; and am more a gentleman than to run the risque of being the occasion of her perpetual unhappiness.’

‘As he spoke in this manner I observed him with the greatest attention, and made use of all my skill, to see if I could read in his eyes, whether he was really smit with this violent passion as he pretended; and it plainly

plainly appeared to me his love was real and unfeigned, which gave me such joy as I was scarcely able to conceal. However, I was fully persuaded of his sincerity; and to fix a lover of his importance, I thought it advisable to give him some light into your sentiments. My lord, said I, Leonora has no aversion to your person; on the contrary, she has conceived an esteem for you; and if I am able to judge of her sentiments, your addresses will not be disagreeable. O heavens! cries the count, in a transport of joy, what do I hear! does Leonora, the amiable Leonora, entertain favourable sentiments of me! what am I not indebted to you, kind Marcella, for having relieved me from such a long state of uncertainty? and it adds to my joy that you are the messenger of such good news; you, who, far from assisting my love, have occasioned me such cruel anxieties: but end what you have begun; complete my happiness, by letting me have an interview with the divine Leonora. I want to pledge my faith to her, and in your presence, to swear an eternal fidelity.

To these expressions, continued the governante, he added others yet more passionate;

sionate; and, in a word, pressed so much to procure him a secret interview, that I could not get off promising him. 'How! (cries Leonora, with some emotion) why did you make him such a promise, when you yourself have told me a hundred times, that a discreet young lady ought, upon no account, to trust herself to such conversations, since they must always endanger her virtue?' 'I have done so to be sure, replied Marcella, and it is an excellent maxim, tho' you are not under a necessity of following it upon this occasion, as you may look upon the count as your husband.' 'But he is not my husband yet, replies Leonora; and I ought not to see him 'till my father has given his consent.'

At that instant Marcella repented having brought up Leonora so strictly, whose virtue she found so difficult to conquer: but being determined, at all events, to accomplish her designs, she replied, 'My dearest Leonora, I greatly commend your being so scrupulous: happy effect of my labour! I see how you have improved by every lesson of virtue I inculcated in your mind. I rejoice in the work of my own hands. But, my child, you are too delicate, you have refined upon my precepts; and your
virtue

UPON CRUTCHES. 77

virtue is rather too rigid. Tho' I pique myself on being severe in every thing that concerns a lady's honour, yet I do not require such a severe reserve, as arms itself equally against guilt and innocence. A lady may hearken to her lover even consistently with the purest virtue, when she is assured he means honourably; and it is then no more criminal in her to answer his love than it was before to be sensible of it. Depend upon me, Leonora, I have too much experience, and am too much in your interest to advise you to any step that might be attended with bad consequence.

But in what place, says Leonora, do you intend then I should see him?" "In your own apartment, replies the other; that of all others is the safest; I'll introduce him to-morrow before it is light." "You don't reflect on what you say, replies the young lady; what shall I allow a man?" "Yes, yes, there is nothing in it, replies the governante, 'tis no such extraordinary matter as you imagine: 'tis what happens every day; and I would to God, all the ladies who receive such visits were as pure in their intentions as you are. Besides, what have you to fear? shall not I be with you?" "But if my father should

come and surprize us ?' says Leonora. ' Don't be uneasy about that, replies the other ; your father is in no pain as to your conduct, he knows my fidelity, and has a full confidence in that.' This young lady, pressed so warmly by her governess, and prompted by her own secret inclinations, could not resist any longer, and at last agreed to what the duenna proposed.

Count Belflor was soon informed of this, and was so overjoyed, that he gave Marcella instantly a purse of five hundred pistoles, and a ring of the same value ; and she, on the other hand, finding he kept so well to his word, was resolved to be no less punctual in what she had promised. The night following, when she supposed every body was gone to bed, she fixed a ladder of silk cord, the count had given her, to the balcony, and by that introduced him into the chamber of her mistress.

In the mean time, Leonora abandoned herself to reflections that cruelly agitated her mind. Tho' she loved Count Belflor, yet notwithstanding all her governess had been able to say to her, she could not be satisfied but that the easiness with which she had consented to this visit was a breach
of

of her duty ; nor could the consciousness of the innocence of her intentions remove her scruples. To receive a man into her chamber in the night, without the consent of her father, and without being thoroughly satisfied of the honour of his designs, appeared to her not only criminal, but what ought even to expose her to the contempt of her gallant. This last reflection gave her the greatest pain, and she was full of it, when the count entered her chamber.

He immediately threw himself at her feet, to thank her for the favour she had done him. He seemed full of love and gratitude, and assured her he designed to make her his wife. However, as he did not enlarge upon that head so much as she expected, she said, ‘ Count, tho’ I am extremely willing to believe you have no other views, yet whatever assurances you can give me, I must always suspect them, ’till they have received the sanction of my father’s approbation.’ ‘ Madam, answered the count, I would have asked that long ago, had it not been from a tender regard to your peace and quiet.’ ‘ I don’t upbraid you for not having done it hitherto, replied Leonora, I rather approve

of your delicacy in that point ; but as all these reasons are now removed, I must insist upon your speaking immediately to my father Don Lewis, or resolve never to see me more.'

'How so, my adorable Leonora, says, the count, why never see you more? Ah! how insensible you are to the sweets of love! did you feel them as I do, it would heighten our joys, for you to receive my addresses in private, and conceal our amours, at least for some time, from the knowledge of your father. What charms would two souls, strictly united in love, find from such a sweet correspondence!'

'It may be so to you, replied Leonora; but as for me, it would be a source of continual uneasiness: These delicate refinements of gallantry but ill suit with a woman of virtue. Don't talk to me of the charms of a criminal correspondence. Had you that regard for me you ought to entertain, you never would make such a proposal; and if your intentions are such as you would make me believe they are, you ought, in your mind, to despise me for not shewing a proper resentment at such treatment. But alas! continued she, dropping some tears, 'tis to my own weakness

UPON CRUTCHES. 81

nels I owe such an insult: I have deserved it from what I have done upon your account."

"My charming Leonora, cried Count Belflor, 'tis you who do me a cruel injustice; your too scrupulous virtue takes false alarms.. What, because I have been so happy as not to appear indifferent in your eyes, would you from thence infer, that I should abate in my esteem for you? can any thing be more cruel, or more unjust! No, Madam, I set a just value upon your goodness to me: that cannot lessen you in my esteem, and I am ready to do every thing you require of me. To-morrow I will speak to Don Lewis. I will do every thing in my power to procure his consent to crown my happiness; but I must at the same time tell you, I see but little appearance of success." "What do you say, answered Leonora, extremely surprized, would my father refuse me to one of so distinguished a rank as yours?"

"Alas! replied Belflor, it is that very thing that makes me dread his refusal. If you are surprized at it now; you will cease to be so when I have explained the matter to you. Some days ago, Madam, continued he, the king declared his intentions to have me married, without naming the

lady he designed me for. He only gave me to understand she was one of the best matches in the kingdom, and that he had this matter much at heart; and as I was then ignorant whether you approved my passion, (for you know your cruelty was such, that I never before this interview, had an opportunity of avowing it) upon that account I expressed no reluctance to submit to his pleasure. After I have told you this, Madam, you may be a judge yourself, whether Don Lewis would run the risk of incurring the king's displeasure in accepting me for his son-in-law.'

'To be sure, he would not, answered Leonora. I know very well, that however advantageous he might think your alliance, he would renounce it sooner than expose himself to the resentment of the king. But if my father should give his consent, we should be nothing the better for that; for how is it possible you should marry me, when the king has engaged you to another?' 'Madam, I will frankly own to you, replied the count, that I am not a little embarrassed myself upon that head. However, I am not without hopes, that by preserving a proper conduct with regard to the king, I shall be able, considering his

his friendship for me, to avert this impending blow that threatens me; and, my lovely Leonora, you may easily assist me in this, if you think me worthy of your regard.' 'How is that possible?' says Leonora, how can I any ways contribute to break off the match the king has designed for you?' 'Ah! Madam, says the count, with a tender and passionate air, if you would receive my plighted faith, I could yet preserve myself for you, without the king's taking it amiss.

Suffer me, my charming Leonora, said he, (throwing himself at her feet) suffer me to take you as my bride, in the presence of your governess; she will be a witness to answer for the sacred force of our mutual engagements. By these means I shall be able to extricate myself from those fetters they are forging for me; for if after that the king should press me to the match he designs for me, I can throw myself at his feet, and inform him of the violence of my passion for you, and that I have privately married you; and whatever inclination he may have to dispose of me otherways, I am sure he is too good to ravish me from the arms of one I adore, and too just to offer such an affront to your family.

What think you, discreet Marcella, turning to the governante, what think you of this expedient, which love has just now inspired me with ?' ' I am charmed with it, answered she ; it must be owned that love is very ingenious.' ' And you, my adorable Leonora, what are your sentiments ? I hope, tho' still mistrustful and diffident, you will not disapprove of this expedient.' ' No, says the young lady, I have no objections, if my father approves of it ; and I don't doubt but he will, when once you inform him of the particulars.' ' You must take care not to intrust him with such a secret, cried the wicked Marcella ; it seems you are but little acquainted with Don Lewis : he is too delicate in sentiments of honour to consent to any thing that looks like an intrigue ; the name of a clandestine marriage would shock him ; besides, his prudence would immediately suggest to him the danger of any step that seemed to thwart the designs of the king : and by this imprudent conduct you would awaken his suspicions ; he would be prying into every thing we did, and would, in consequence, make it impossible for you to see one another.'

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‘That I should never be able to bear,’ cries the count. But, Madam Marcella, continued he, (affecting an air of chagrin) do you really imagine Don Lewis would be averse to the affair of a clandestine marriage?’ ‘He certainly would,’ replied the other. For my own share, I heartily wish he would come into it; but I know him to be so nice and scrupulous, that he never would agree to dispense with the ceremonies of the church; and if you should be married in that manner, it would immediately become publick.’

‘Ah! my dear Leonora,’ added the count, (tenderly squeezing her hand) must we, to keep up the ceremony of an idle form, must we, upon that account, run the dreadful risque of, perhaps being separated for ever. It is entirely in your own power to become mine for ever. The consent of your father might perhaps, indeed save you some uneasiness, but as Marcella has shewn the impossibility of obtaining his approbation, receive my hand and my heart; give yourself up to the purity of my passion, and when once it is time to inform him of our engagements, we will let him know the reasons why we concealed it.’ ‘Well,’ says Leonora, I consent that we delay, for some
4 time,

time, speaking to Don Lewis. Sound the king first upon this head, before I receive your hand in secret; tell him, if you think proper that you have privately married me; and endeavour under this to see----' No, Madam, replied Belflor, I must beg your pardon for that; my sentiments of honour won't permit me to do any thing that approaches near the borders of deceit and falshood; no consideration would make me do that: besides, if the king should but imagine I had imposed upon him, I know him well, and am sure he would never forgive me.'

In a word, Signior Cleofas, continued Asmodeus, I should never have done, if I was to repeat, word for word, every thing that was said to shake the virtue of this young creature. I will only add, that the count said every passionate thing that I commonly upon these occasions suggest to you mortals; but all to no purpose. In vain did he swear that he would fulfil, in the eyes of all the world, the private engagements betwixt them. In vain did he adjure heaven by the most solemn oaths. He could not triumph over the virtue of Leonora: and the day, which now began to appear, obliged him, tho unwilling, to retire.

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The next day, Madam Marcella, looking upon it that her honour, or indeed her interest, was concerned in fulfilling her engagements to the count, addressed herself in this manner to her young mistress: ‘ Leonora, says she, I am really at a loss how to talk to you. I find you treat Count Belflor’s passion for you as if it were a matter of common gallantry; doubtless you have found something in the person of the count that disgusts you.’ ‘ Far from that, says Leonora; he never appeared so amiable in my eyes; and this interview has given him in my affections, the lustre of new charms.’ ‘ If that is really the case, replied the other, I am actually at a loss to comprehend the meaning of your conduct. You say you have conceived a violent passion for him, and yet refuse agreeing to what he has shewn the absolute necessity of.’

‘ My good Marcella, says the daughter of Don Lewis, without doubt you have more experience, and are better versed in those things than I; but have you thought of the consequence that must attend a marriage without the consent of my father?’

‘ Yes, my dear, I have, said the governante, I have reflected upon every thing that can
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possibly happen ; and I am vexed to the soul you should so obstinately stand in the way of making your own fortune. But take care your lover be not disgusted, and that he don't cool upon your hands. Take care lest his passion subside, and he open his eyes to his own interest ; and as he offers you his hand, I would advise you to receive it without hesitation. His word binds him ; nothing is more sacred to a man of honour. Besides, am not I a witness that he has taken you for his wife ? and is not an evidence such as mine sufficient, in a court of justice, to condemn any man who dares to falsify his oath ?

By these and other such like conversations, did the perfidious Marcella undermine the virtue of this innocent young lady ; who, giving way to the fears she was under of losing for ever the count, some days after yielded, without reserve, to his wicked intentions. The duenna every night introduced him, by the balcony, into her apartment, and let him out the same way.

It happened one night, that staying longer than usual, and the morning beginning to appear, he was in so great a hurry to get down,

down, that he missed his step, and fell into the street ; and Don Lewis de Cepides, who lay in the apartment above his daughter's, having risen that morning earlier than usual to dispatch some pressing business, and hearing the noise the count made in his fall, opened his window to see what was the matter, and perceived a man with some difficulty recovering himself, and Madam Marcella on the balcony, disentangling the silken ladder, which the count had made a better use of in getting up than in coming down. He rubbed his eyes, and at first took what he saw for an illusion ; but upon reflection he was convinced of the truth of it, and the light of the morning, tho' feeble, sufficiently shewed him the dishonour of his family.

Shocked at this discovery, fatal to his repose, and in the transports of a just indignation, he went down immediately to his daughter's apartment, with a light in one hand, and his sword drawn in the other, looking for his daughter and her guardian, to sacrifice them both to his fury. He knocked at the chamber-door, ordering them immediately to open it, and as they knew his voice they instantly obeyed, trembling. He entered Leonora's apartment

ment with an air full of fury, and presenting to them his naked sword, 'I come, says he, to wash off the stain that is brought upon my house in the blood of an abandoned child, who has dishonoured her family, and to take vengeance of a perfidious governante, who has abused my confidence.'

They both fell down at his feet; and Marcella speaking first, 'Signior, said she, before you wreak your vengeance upon us, vouchsafe to hear me one moment.' 'Wretch, said Don Lewis, for a moment I do consent to suspend my fury. Speak; let me know all the circumstances of my dishonour. But why do I say all? I know every one but the name of him who has dared thus to dishonour my house.' 'Signior, says Marcella, Count Belflor is the man.' 'Count Belflor! cries Don Lewis, where has he had an opportunity of seeing my daughter? by what means has he been able to seduce her? Conceal nothing from me.' 'Sir, answered the governante, I'll tell you the whole matter with the utmost sincerity.' Upon that she gave him a particular account, with infinite art, of every thing she had formerly persuaded Leonora to be-

lieve the count had said to her. She set him forth in the most advantageous light, as a tender, delicate, and sincere lover. However, as she could not avoid coming to the conclusion, and was obliged to discover to what lengths the correspondence had been carried, she glossed it over, by enlarging upon the reasons that induced her to consent to a marriage without his privacy, and put so good a face upon the matter, that the old gentleman began to abate of his fury. This was immediately perceived by the artful governante, who, to soften him effectually, ‘ Sir, continued she, this is what you wanted to be informed of; now wreak your vengeance upon us both, plunge your sword into the bosom of Leonora. But what do I say? Leonora is innocent; she is guilty of nothing but in having followed the advice of one to whom you intrusted her conduct: ’tis I only that ought to suffer. ’Twas I that introduced the count into your daughter’s apartment; ’twas I who tied the knot that now joins them. I was wilfully blind to the irregularity of entering into engagements to which you were not privy, in order to secure to your family a son-in-law, who, as you know, is the canal through which all the favours of
the

the court flow. I only consulted the happiness of Leonora, and the advantages, your family must reap from such an alliance. The excess of my zeal has made me exceed the bounds of my duty.'

While the artful Marcella was talking in this manner, the young lady was in a flood of tears, and in such agitations of grief and sorrow, that her good old father could hold it no longer. He dropped his sword upon the ground, and laying aside the sternness of an enraged parent, 'Ah! my dear child, said he, (the tears standing in his eyes) what a fatal passion is love! Alas! thou knowest but little the true cause thou hast to wail and lament. Now the presence of an injured and incensed parent, who has surprized you unawares, occasions your grief. You little reflect upon the future scenes of woe that very probably your lover will yet make you feel. And you, indiscreet Marcella, what is this you have done? Into what an excess of misery has your ill-timed zeal for our family thrown us? I own, indeed, that the alliance of such a man as Count Belflor might dazzle you; and that is what pleads your excuse in my breast: but, unthinking woman, should not you have dis-trusted

trusted a man of his character ? the greater his rank and power, the more you ought to have been upon your guard against him. If he should break his vows to Leonora, where must I have recourse ? shall I find relief in the laws ? no, his power and interest will protect him from the severity of justice. I would willingly flatter myself that he will be just to his engagements, and keep his word with Leonora ; tho' if it is true, as you have told me, that the king intends to marry him to another lady, 'tis much to be feared that he will interpose his authority in order to compel him.' ' Oh, as to compelling him, says Leonora, there is no fear of that ; the count has assured us, that the king will not offer such a violence to his inclinations.' ' I am certain of it, says Marcella. He not only loves his favourite too well to exercise such a tyranny over him, but is too just and generous to give such a mortal wound to the heart of the noble and valiant Don Lewis de Cespides, who has spent all his best days in the service of his country.'

' Well, says the old man, (sighing) God grant my fears be vain ! however, I'll go to the count, and bring him to an explanation.

nation. The eyes of a father are jealous and discerning. I shall soon dive into the bottom of his intentions. If I find him disposed to do what I would wish, I'll forgive what is past; but says he, (with a severe air) if I find in him a heart that is faithless, both of you shall go directly into a convent, there to mourn your folly all the rest of your days.' So saying, he took up his sword, and leaving them to recover from their fright, went up into his chamber to dress.

Asmodeus was here interrupted by our student: 'The story you are now telling me is extremely interesting, but an affair that I now perceive, keeps me from listening to you so attentively as I otherwise should. I perceive a woman that seems to be handsome, sitting between a young man and an old fellow; they are all three drinking, and I do not doubt but their wine is very good; and while the old gentleman caresses this lady, the baggage stretches out her hand to the young one to kiss: I suppose he is her gallant.' 'Quite the contrary, replies the demon; the old fellow is the gallant, and the young one her husband. The first is a man of figure, a commander of the military

tary order of Calatrava, and ruins himself for the sake of this woman, whose husband has a small place at court. She cares for the old fribbling fumbler out of interest, and grants favours to her husband out of inclination.' 'This is pleasant enough, says Zambullo: pray is not the husband a Frenchman?' 'No, replies Asmodeus, he is even a Spaniard. I can assure you, Sir, the good city of Madrid produces, like other places, complaisant husbands; but they don't spring up so fast any where else as in Paris, which, without doubt, may boast of the glory of its citizens in this respect, above all the rest of the world.' 'I ask your pardon, Signior Asmodeus, says Cleofas, for thus interrupting the thread of your discourse. Please to proceed, Sir, I am infinitely delighted with the story; I find there some refined strokes of art I am extremely edified by.' The demon then resumed his narration.

C H A P. V.

*Continuation and conclusion of the amours of
Count Belflor.*

DON Lewis went out betimes in the morning to meet Count Belflor, who, not imagining his intrigue had been discovered, was surprized at such a visit. He came out of his chamber to meet the old gentleman, and after a number of bows and salutations, ‘How rejoiced I am, said he, to see Don Lewis de Cespides ! I hope, Sir, you come to give me some opportunity of serving you.’ ‘My lord, answered Don Lewis, I desire you will order us to be left alone.’

Count Belflor immediately ordered every body out of the room, and they sat down together : upon which the old gentleman began ; ‘Count, says he, the quiet and happiness of my life depends upon a proper explanation of an affair I am come to talk to you of. This morning I saw you come out of my daughter’s apartments ; she has owned the whole affair, and has told me-----.’ ‘She told you that I passionately loved her, interrupted the count, (being willing to avoid a conversation

versation on a subject he had no mind to enter into) but I am sure she would but very lamely describe the sentiments of regard I have for her. I am quite ravished with her ; she is the finest creature in the world ; has wit, beauty, virtue, and every thing that can make a perfectly accomplished lady. I am told likewise, Sir, you have a son who is following his studies at Alcala : pray has he any resemblance of his sister ? I am sure if he has but her beauty, and any share of your good qualities, he must be the most accomplished cavalier in all Spain. I long prodigiously to see him ; and if I can be of any service, you may command, Sir, the utmost of my credit and interest in his behalf.'

' My lord, says Don Lewis, (with great gravity) I am extremely obliged to you ; but this is not the affair at present, let us talk upon what'---- ' We must get him into the army immediately, says the count. I'll take care of his advancement ; he shall not linger among the croud of subaltern officers, that I give you my word for.' ' Come, my lord, says the other, don't interrupt me in this manner ; I demand a direct answer ; do you, or do you not, design to keep the engagements

Vol. I. F you

you have' ---- ' Doubtless I do, says the count, (interrupting him a third time.) I will keep my word in what I have said, and will support your son with all my interest; you may be assured of it.' ' This is too much, says Don Cespedes (rising.) After having basely seduced my daughter, you dare to insult me to my face. But know, my lord, I am a gentleman, and the dishonour you have brought upon my house shall not go unpunished.' As he spoke these words, he left the count, his heart ready to break with anger and indignation, and meditating a thousand schemes how to be revenged. As soon as he came home, he spoke to Leonora and Marcella in great agitation of mind. ' It was not without reason, said he, that I suspected the count. He is false, and I will be revenged upon him. As for you, tomorrow you both go into a convent: prepare yourselves therefore accordingly, and give thanks to heaven that my resentment is satisfied with so slight a punishment.' Upon this he retired into his closet, to deliberate with himself what course he should take in an affair of so much delicacy.

As to the young lady, you may easily conceive the condition she was in, when she

She understood that Belshor was false. For some time she continued motionless. The paleness of death overspread her beautiful face, her spirits failed, and she fell, without signs of life, into the arms of her governess, who thought she had actually given up the ghost. The duenna tried all the means possible to bring her out of this fit, and at last succeeded. Leonora recovered the use of her senses, she opened her eyes, and seeing what pains Marcella was at to relieve her, ‘ Ah ! how cruel you are, said she, not to let me remain in the state I was in ! I was not then sensible of the horror of my fatal destiny. Why did you not let me sleep the sleep of death ? You, who know what inexpressible tortures must ever attend my wretched life, why would you endeavour to prolong it ?’

Marcella tried every method she could think of to comfort her ; but all her arguments served only to increase her agony. ‘ Every thing you can urge, cried she, is to no purpose. I will hear no more : ’tis in vain you attempt to mitigate my despair ; you ought rather to heighten it ; you, who are the occasion of my being plunged into this frightful abyss of misery. Yes, it was you who took upon you to

answer for Count Belflor's honour. But for you I should never have abandoned myself to my passion; by degrees I might have overcome it; or, at least, never allowed him to reap any advantage from my weakness. But I will not, continued she, impute my misfortunes to you, I accuse none but myself. I was guilty in following your advice, in receiving the hand of any man without the knowledge of my father. However flattering to my passion, or glorious to my fortune the addresses of the count might be, I ought to have rejected any thing that must be purchased at the expence of my honour. I ought to have distrusted you, distrusted him, and distrusted myself. After having been so weak as to suffer my honour to be betrayed by his false protestations; after the stain I have brought upon my family, and the anguish of heart I have brought upon my aged father, I loath, I detest myself; and far from repining at what they imagine a punishment, my being obliged to retire from the world, would to God I could but hide my shame, was it in the most frightful recesses of a desert.'

As she spoke in this manner, she shed floods of tears, tore her garments and her
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beautiful hair, as if she revenged herself upon them for the perfidy of her lover. The duenna, to conform to the grief of her mistress, appeared to take on mightily; and dropping some tears, which she had always at command, vented herself in terrible execrations against the whole sex, and Count Belflor in particular. 'Is it possible, cried she, that the count, a man who appeared to me so ingenuous and sincere, should be such a profligate as to deceive us both? I am not able to recover the shock it has given me, nor can I yet believe it to be true.'

'Why after all, says Leonora, when I consider him at my feet, what woman would not have been deceived by that air of tenderness, those solemn oaths he invoked heaven to witness, those repeated transports of love? his eyes seemed still to express more passion than his words; and, in short, he seemed quite charmed at the sight of me. No, he is not the man they would make me believe him to be. My father has spoke to him with too little respect: they have both been too warm, and that might be the occasion why he rather assumed the state of a grandee, than the behaviour of a lover. But in this

supposition, perhaps, I deceive myself. I will, however, get out of this state of uncertainty, and write to Count Belflor, and let him know that I expect him here this evening; and he shall either relieve me from this anxiety, or I will be assured, from his own mouth, of his treachery.'

Marcella greatly approved of this expedient; she even conceived some hopes that the count might conquer his ambition, and, melted by Leonora's tears, when they met together, determine to marry her.

In the mean time, Count de Belflor having got rid of Don Lewis, began seriously to reflect upon the consequences that might attend his interview with the old gentleman. He made no doubt but the whole house of the Cespides would make a common quarrel of it; but that reflection gave him small uneasiness. The interruption of his correspondence with Leonora was what touched him to the heart. He thought she would either be sent to a convent, or, at least, so strictly watched, that he should never have an opportunity of seeing her more. This reflection troubled him much, and he was thinking within himself of some means to prevent this
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UPON CRUTCHES. 103

misfortune, when his valet de chambre brought him a letter, which Marcella delivered to him from Leonora, the contents of which were these :

“ To-morrow I quit the world, and am
 “ to be buried in a convent. I have sur-
 “ vived my honour : I am become a re-
 “ proach to myself, and hateful to my fa-
 “ mily ; and all this for having listened
 “ to you. Once more I expect you this
 “ evening ; for such is my despair, that
 “ I seek for fresh tortures. Come then,
 “ and confess your heart had no share in
 “ the vows you so solemnly made, or
 “ come and prove the sincerity of them
 “ by such a conduct as alone can soften
 “ the rigour of my destiny. But as this
 “ assignation may be attended with dan-
 “ ger, after what has passed between you
 “ and my father, I would have you bring
 “ a friend along with you ; for altho’
 “ you have made my life wretched, I can-
 “ not help interesting myself in the safety
 “ of yours.”

The count perused this letter two or three times, and imagining to himself the daughter of Don Lewis in the condition she described herself, he was much mov-

ed. Reason, virtue, honour, all which he had violated in the frenzy of his passion, now re-assumed their empire in his breast. The mist that clouded his understanding was now quite dispersed : and, as a man who recovers from a delirium blushes to think of the foolish and ridiculous things he has committed, he was ashamed of the low and base artifices he had made use of to gratify his desires.

‘ Wretch that I am ! said he, (to himself) what have I done ? some demon surely has possessed me ! I promised to marry Leonora ; I have taken heaven to witness my protestations. I have pretended that the king had proposed a match for me. Lies, perfidy, perjury ! every thing have I made use of to abuse unguarded innocence. Had I not better done all I could to overcome my passion, than satisfy my desires by such dishonest means ? And what is the end of all this ? I have undone a young lady of family ; and now abandon her to the fury of a father, whose dishonour is involved in hers. She has made me happy, and the return I make her is to render her for ever miserable. What a scandal is this to my honour and my name ! Ought I not immediately to
make

make the reparation that is in my power for the injury I have done her? Yes, I ought, and I will. By marrying her I shall perform the promise I have made, and keep my faith, which I pledged to her so solemnly. And who can with reason blame me for acting thus as a man of honour? Should her favours to me make me suspect her virtue? No; I cannot but be sensible with what difficulty she yielded: and when she did, it was not to the transports of my passion; 'twas to the vows I solemnly made her. But, on the other hand, by marrying in this family I do myself a considerable wrong. Shall I, who may with reason expect one of the first ladies of the kingdom; shall I marry the daughter of a private gentleman, and who can give her but a very small fortune? what will the court say of me? they will surely say I have made a very foolish bargain.'

Belflor, thus distracted between love and ambition, knew not what to determine: but tho' he was yet unresolved whether he should marry Leonora, he was resolved, at all events, to go to her according to her appointment, and ordered his valet to give that answer to Marcella.

Don Lewis, on his part, passed the day in reflections how he should best vindicate his honour, and it seemed to him a point of much difficulty. To have recourse to law, would make his dishonour publick : besides, he had all imaginable reason to believe, that tho' justice might be on one side, the judges would be on the other. Nor did he think it adviseable to cast himself at the feet of the king. As that monarch designed Count Belflor for another lady, he did not chuse to make an application that must be fruitless.

There remained nothing but to do himself justice by his sword, and that he concluded upon. In the first transports of his passion, he determined to have sent him a challenge ; but reflecting he was too old and feeble to trust his own arm, he thought it would be better to leave the affair to his son, whom he looked upon as fitter for that purpose. He dispatched therefore one of his domesticks to Alcala with a letter, in which he ordered his son to come immediately to Madrid, to revenge an insult offered to the family of the Cespidés.

This

UPON CRUTCHES. 107

This son of his, whose name is Don Pedro, is a young gentleman of eighteen, extremely handsome, and so brave that he is the very hero of the university. But you know him, says Asmodeus, and therefore I need not enlarge upon his character. True, says Don Cleofas, he is a gentleman of great merit, and remarkable courage.

This young man, continued Asmodeus, was not then at Alcala, as his father imagined. He had come to Madrid to see a lady with whom he had an intrigue. This conquest he had made at the Prado, last time he came to see his father. He was as yet ignorant of her name. It was insisted upon that he should use no means to be informed of who she was, and he was obliged, tho' much against his will, to submit to this cruel condition. A lady of quality had conceived an esteem for him, and imagining that she ought not to trust the discretion and constancy of a student, thought proper to try him, before she would make herself known to him.

He was, at that time more taken up in thinking of his incognito, than with the phi-

losophy of Aristotle; and as Alcala is but a little distance from hence, he very often, as well as you, made an elopement up to town; only with this difference, that the object his heart was fixed upon, deserved his regard a little better than Donna Thomasa did yours. In order to conceal these excursions from his father Don Lewis, he used to lodge at an inn in the skirts of the town, where he went by a borrowed name. He never stirred abroad but in the morning, at a certain hour, when he went to a certain house, where this lady, who was such a hindrance to the progress of his studies, had the goodness to come, accompanied by a waiting-woman. For all the rest of the day he remained shut up in his inn; but to make amends for that, as soon as it was night, he used to make a tour thro' all the streets of Madrid.

It happened one night, as he passed through a by-alley, that he heard the sound of some musical instruments, which he liked, and stopped to listen to them. It was a serenade. The man who gave it was naturally a brutal fellow, and at that time drunk, who no sooner perceived our student, but making up to him in a great hurry,

hurry, without further compliment, said, in a very rude manner, ‘ Friend, get about your business ; such curious people as you will meet with a very indifferent reception here.’ Don Pedro, who was nettled at this usage, answered him, ‘ That he would have gone, if he had been asked with better manners ; but now, says he, I will stay, to teach you how you ought to behave yourself.’ ‘ We shall see presently, says the master of the concert, (drawing his sword) which of us is to give place to the other.’ Don Pedro, on his part, drew likewise, and they exchanged some passes ; and tho’ the other acquitted himself as a very good swordsman, he could not, however, parry a mortal thrust Don Pedro gave him, and immediately dropped. All the people concerned in the serenade, who had already quitted their instruments, and drawn their swords in order to assist him, ran up to revenge his death. They fell upon Pedro all together, who, upon that occasion, made appear what he could do ; for he not only shewed a surprizing agility in parrying all the thrusts that were made at him, but returned several upon his assailants, and kept them employed all at once.

However,

However, they were so desperate, and withal so numerous, that notwithstanding his skill in fencing, he must have been demolished, if the count de Belflor, who accidentally passed that way, had not engaged in his defence. The count is a man of honour and courage, and could not bear to see so many people against one gentleman, without taking his part. He immediately drew his sword, and placing himself by Don Pedro's side, they pushed the musicians so briskly, that they took all of them to their heels, some wounded, others for fear of being so.

After they were gone, our student began to thank the count for the generous assistance he had given him; but the other interrupting him, 'Come, says he, let us leave that subject at present, Are you wounded?' 'No, says Pedro. 'Well then, said the count, we must make the best of our way from this place; for I see there is a man lies dead by you, and you cannot tarry here any longer, without being in danger of falling into the hands of the officers of justice.' Upon which they both marched off as fast as they could, and when they were got at a sufficient distance they stopped.

Don

Don Pedro, who was touched with the most lively sense of gratitude, begged the count not to conceal from him the name of a gentleman, to whom he lay under such a particular obligation. Count de Belflor made no difficulty in telling him, and, at the same time, asked him who he was: but Pedro, who had reasons to be concealed, answered his name was Don Juan de Matos; and assured the count, that, to the last moment of his life, he should retain a grateful sense of what he had done for him.

‘To-night answered the count, I will give you an opportunity of acquitting yourself of the obligation. I have an appointment that will be attended with danger, and I was just a-going in search of a friend to accompany me. As I know your bravery, may I take the liberty to ask you to go along with me?’ ‘Your supposing I would make the least hesitation, is doing me injustice,’ replied the other. ‘What better use can I make of the life you have preserved, than exposing it for your sake? Come, let us go on, I am ready to follow you.’ Upon which Belflor conducted him to the house of his father Don Lewis, and they both entered by the balcony into Leonora’s apartment.

Here Don Cleofas interrupted the demon. 'Signior Asmodeus, says he, how is it possible that Don Pedro should not remember the house of his own father?' 'He could not remember it because it was a house he had never seen before; that was the reason, replied the demon. Don Lewis had moved from his former dwelling, and had been in this house about eight days, which his son knew nothing of. I was just a-going to tell you so when you interrupted me, but you are too quick. You have an ugly habit of interrupting people's discourse. You must learn to break yourself of this.'

Don Pedro then, continued Asmodeus, did not know he was in his father's house, nor did he perceive it was Marcella that let them in, because she introduced them into an anti-chamber without lights, and Belflor begged his friend to wait there, while he went into his mistress's apartment. The student was content, and sat himself down upon a chair, with his sword in his hand drawn, in case of surprize. He began to ruminate upon the joys with which love crowned the passion of Count Belflor, and earnestly wished himself as happy as he; for altho' he had no reason to
com-

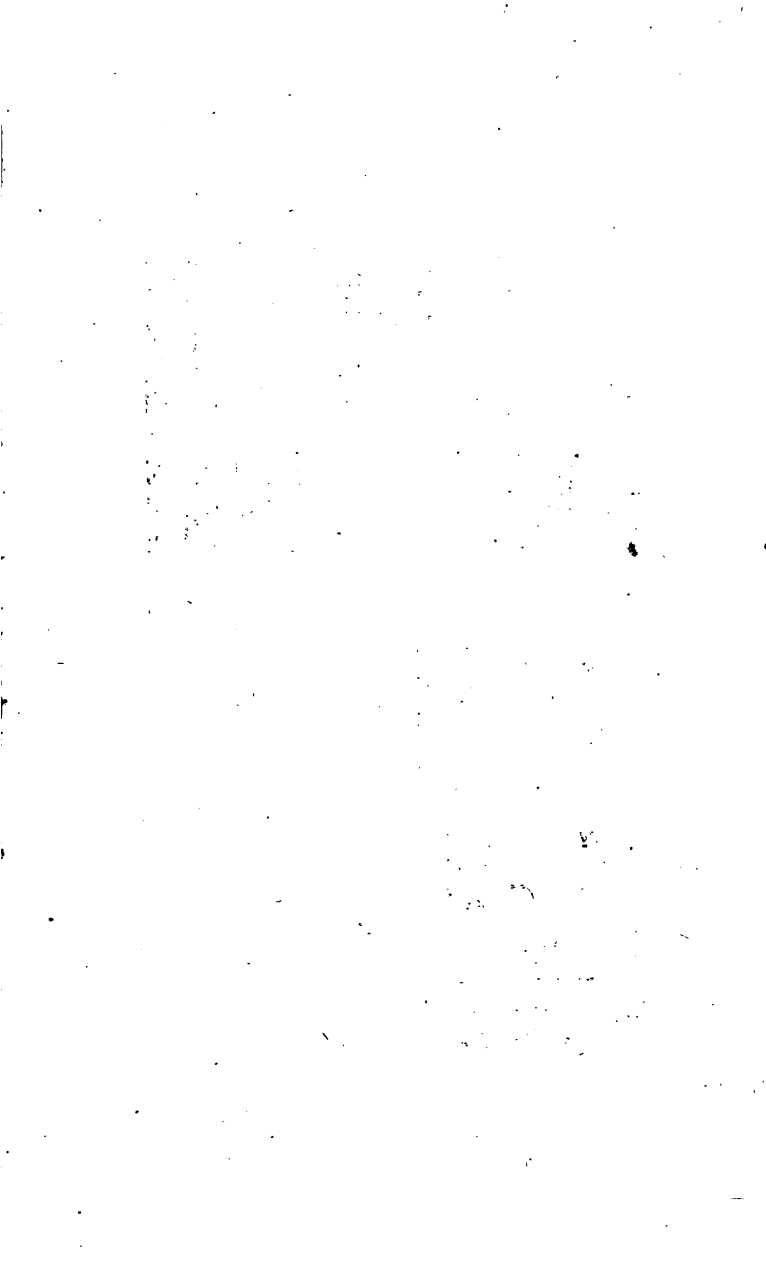
complain of his incognita, she had not yet been so complaisant to him as Leonora was to the count.

While he was thus employed in reflections natural to a passionate lover, he heard a door opening softly, which was not the one by which the count entered, and saw a light through the key-hole. He rose up immediately, and getting to the door, which was by that time half open, presented the point of his sword to his father, (for it was he that came into Leonora's apartment, to see whether the count was there.) The old gentleman did not imagine at first, that after what had passed, his daughter and Marcella would have dared to receive Belflor again into the house, and that was the reason he had not changed their apartments; but it came into his head, that as they were both to go into a convent the next day, they would be glad to have one more interview with the count, before they finally retired from the world.

‘Whoever you are, cried Pedro, stop, and come not in here as you value your life.’ At these words, Don Lewis looked at his son, and his son looked at him with great attention; they recollected each other

ther. Ah ! my son, cried the old man, with what eagerness have I waited your arrival ? why did not you let me know you was come, was you afraid of disturbing my rest ? Alas ! sleep is a stranger to my eyes since this fatal accident.' ' My father ! cries Don Pedro, (quite astonished) is it you I see ? Are not my eyes deceived with a false illusion ? ' Whence arises this amazement, cries Don Lewis ? are you not in your father's house ? and did not I acquaint you in my letter that I had moved eight days since ? ' ' Good God ! cries Pedro, what is this I hear ? I am then in the apartment of my own sister.'

While they were thus talking, Count Belflor, hearing a noise, and imagining his friend was in danger, rushed out of Leonora's apartment with his sword in his hand. As soon as the old man saw him, he became quite furious, and pointing to him, said to his son, ' Here, cries he, this is the villain who has robbed me of my quiet, and brought an indelible stain upon the honour of our family. Let us revenge ourselves, and punish such a miscreant as he deserves.' And immediately drawing out his sword, which he had under





UPON CRUTCHES. 115

under his night-gown, he was going to fall upon Count Belflor, but his son Don Pedro prevented him. 'Hold, Sir, said he, moderate your transports, I beg of you.' 'What do you mean my son?' said old Don Lewis. Do you stop my arm? You imagine, perhaps, it is too feeble for this encounter. Well then, do yourself justice for the injury that is done us: it was for that reason I sent for you to Madrid. If you fall, I will come into your place. He must either perish by the hand of one of us, or take away both our lives, after he has robbed us of our honour.'

'Father, answered Don Pedro, I cannot comply with what you demand of me. Far from attempting the life of Count Belflor, I am here for no other purpose but to defend it. My word, my honour is engaged. Come, count, said he to Belflor, let us be gone.' 'Ah coward! said Don Lewis, (looking at his son with fury and indignation) do you yourself oppose a vengeance which ought to engross your whole thoughts? My son, the son of my own blood, is an accomplice with the villain that has seduced my daughter. But think not either of you to
escape

escape from my resentment ; I will call up my servants, and make them punish his perfidy, and your baseness.'

'Sir, replied Don Pedro, do your son more justice: I am no coward, nor deserve that odious epithet. This night Count Belflor saved my life; he proposed to me this assignation, without my knowing what or where it was. I offered to accompany him in all the dangers that might attend it; but did not know my gratitude had engaged me against the honour of my own family. So long therefore, as he remains here, I am obliged to protect his life, and by that I acquit myself of the obligation I lie under. But I assure you, the dishonour he has brought upon us, affects me not less sensibly than it does you; and to-morrow you shall see me as eager to shed his blood, as I am now to defend his life.

The count, who had hitherto remained silent, in amazement at this strange adventure, upon that addressed himself to Don Pedro. 'Mr. Student, said he, you may perhaps find yourself mistaken in the reparation you expect from your sword. I'll propose to you a surer expedient to
vindi-

vindicate your honour. I'll tell you frankly, I had no intention to espouse Leonora till this very day : but this morning I received a letter from her, which made a most sensible impression upon my heart, and since I came here, her tears have removed every remaining obstacle ; and the height of my ambition at present is to become Leonora's husband.' ' If the king designs you for another, says Don Lewis, how is it possible you should ?'--- ' The king designs me for no other, replied Belflor (blushing). I ask your pardon for having made such a pretence, and hope you will impute it to my reason's being distracted thro' love. It was a crime the violence of my passion made me commit ; and I hope you will accept my owning it, as a sufficient atonement.'

' My lord, says the old gentleman, after such an ingenuous confession, which so well becomes a noble mind, I no longer doubt your sincerity : I am now fully convinced you design effectually to make reparation for the dishonour we have suffered ; my anger is cooled by these assurances ; and permit me to stifle my resentments in your arms.' As he said this, he came forward to the count, who had
already

already advanced towards him, and they embraced one another several times ; after which Belfor turning to Don Pedro, ‘And you, said he, the pretended Don Juan de Matos, who are already rivetted in my esteem by your incomparable valour and sentiments of generosity ; come, and receive the affectionate embraces of a brother.’ So saying, he took Don Pedro in his arms, who receiving the compliments of the count with a respectful and submissive air, answered him : ‘My lord, in offering me a friendship so valuable, you thoroughly acquire mine ; look upon me as a man you may depend upon to the last drop of my blood.’

While the gentlemen were thus engaged, Leonora was standing at her chamber-door, and lost not a word of what passed. At the beginning she was going to rush into the chamber they were in, and throw herself between their swords, without knowing what she did, but Marcella prevented her ; however, as soon as this artful duenna perceived that affairs had taken a favourable turn, she was of opinion that her own and her mistress’s presence would do no harm ; and therefore they came in both together, with their handkerchiefs in their hands,

hands, and threw themselves at the feet of Don Lewis. They had good reason to believe, that having surprised them the night before, he would not be quite satisfied with their conduct in repeating the assignation; but the old man took his daughter up in his arms. 'My child, said he, I reproach you no more. As your lover keeps his word to you, I forget what is past.'

'Yes, Signior Don Lewis, (says the count) I will marry Leonora; and to expiate my offence, in making a more ample reparation for what I have done, and as a pledge of my friendship to the gallant Don Pedro, I here offer him my sister Eugenia. 'Ah, Signior, cries old Don Lewis, quite transported, how sensible I am of the honour you do my son. Was ever father so happy! you now give me as much joy, as you formerly caused me pain.'

Though the father was charmed at this offer, it was otherways with the son. Being desperately in love with his fair incognita, he was confounded and so thunder-struck, that he could not speak one word; and Count Belfor, without observing his con-

confusion, went away, after telling them, that he would give orders for the necessary preparations to celebrate this double match between the families ; and that he thought every moment an age, till he was connected with them in such lasting ties of union.

After he was gone, Don Lewis left Leonora in her apartment, and went up into his own with Don Pedro ; who speaking to his father with the bluntness of a colleague, begged he would dispense with him from marrying the count's sister. ' 'Tis enough (says he) that he marries Leonora; that circumstance is sufficient for re-establishing the honour of our family.' 'How, my son ! (says the old man) can you have any reluctance to marry the sister of count de Belflor ?' 'Yes indeed I have (says Pedro) that match would be a most cruel affair upon me ; and I will tell you the reason. It is about six months that I have loved, or to speak more truly, adored a most charming lady, who has conceived an affection for me.'

'What an unhappy thing it is to be a father (cries Don Lewis) ! we never find our children disposed to do what we desire.

fire. But who is this lady, that has made so strong an impression upon you? That I do not know as yet, said Pedro; but she has promised to let me know, as soon as she is satisfied of my prudence and fidelity; though I don't doubt but she is of one of the most illustrious houses in all Spain.

And you imagine, do you, says the old gentleman, changing his tone of voice, that I shall come into this romantic story; and allow you to refuse such an advantageous match as fortune throws in your way; merely that you may preserve your fidelity to a woman, of whom you know not even the very name? No, no, don't imagine any such thing: get the better of your passion for one who very probably does not deserve it; and think of nothing but to endeavour to shew yourself worthy of the honour count Belflor does you. All you can say, father, replies the student, is to no purpose. I feel within myself, that I cannot banish the idea of my fair incognita, and nothing can alter my passion for her; was you to propose one of the infantas—Hold, cries Don Lewis hastily, this is too insolent to boast of a constancy that provokes

my anger. Be gone, and see me no more, till you are disposed to comply with what I command you.

Pedro durst make no answer to these words of the old gentleman, for fear he should have heard worse. He returned to his chamber, and was there taken up in reflections that in one sense were melancholy, but in another very agreeable. He reflected with uneasiness that he was on the point of coming to a rupture with the whole family, for refusing the count's sister; but on the other hand, it was no small comfort to him to think, that when he discovered this circumstance to his unknown mistress, she could not fail of esteeming him the more for making her such a sacrifice. He likewise flattered himself, that after having given her such a convincing proof of his fidelity, she would let him know her rank and condition, which he had taken in his head was at least equal to that of Eugenia.

In these hopes, he went out as soon as it was day, and walked in the Prado, waiting the hour he should go to Donna Juana's; that was the name of the woman, at whose house he used every morning to meet his mistress.

UPON CRUTCHES. 123

mistress. He waited very impatiently for the hour of assignation; and as soon as it was come, he went with great speed to the place.

He met there his fair unknown, who had come earlier than usual; but he found her in a flood of tears, and pierced with the most lively grief. What a melancholy sight for a lover! he approached her in great confusion, and falling upon his knees, Madam, says he, what can I think of the situation I find you in? what terrible misfortunes do these tears forebode, which afflict me to the soul? Alas, said she, you little think of the fatal blow I am now to give you.———We must part for ever, we must never see one another any more.

She accompanied these words with so many sighs, that it was hard to say whether Don Pedro was more concerned at what she told him, or at the grief he saw her in, while she thus spoke to him. All-righteous heaven, cried he, in the transports of a passion he could not contain; can you suffer an union to be destroyed, to the innocence of which you are a witness. But, madam, continued he,

perhaps you have taken a false alarm. Are you certain that they intend to tear you from the arms of the most faithful of all lovers? Am I really then the most unhappy of all men? Our misfortune is but too certain, replied the lady. My brother, who has the power of disposing of me, intends this day to marry me to another: he has just now told me so himself. Who is the happy man, answers Pedro hastily; let me know his name, madam: in my despair I'll----I don't know his name, said the lady; my brother would not tell it me; all he said was, that before I gave my hand, he intended I should see him.

But, madam, says our student, do you intend to submit to the will of your brother! will you come to be thus offered up at the altar, without complaining, at least of the violence done you? will you do nothing for my sake? I can tell you, madam, that I have made no scruple to expose myself to the resentment of a father, to preserve myself for you. His threats have not been able to shake my fidelity; and however far he may carry the matter, I assure you I will never marry the lady they design for me, though she is a very great match. And who is she they
intend

intend you for, replied the unknown lady ? Why, 'tis no other than the sister of Count de Belflor, answered the student. What, cries the lady in astonishment, certainly you are mistaken ? are you sure of what you say ? is it really Eugenia the sister of Count de Belflor they intend for you.

Yes, madam, the count himself offered her to me, replied Pedro. What, cried Eugenia, are you the gentleman for whom my brother designed me ? Heavens, cries Pedro, what do I hear ? are you, my fair unknown, the sister of Count Belflor ? Yes, Don Pedro, I am, says Eugenia : though in the transports of joy I feel from what you have now told me, I can scarcely believe I am.

At these words Pedro fell at her feet, and taking her hand, kissed it with all the transports of a passionate lover, who passes at once from a state of despair to the most sublime happiness. While he gave himself up to the transports of his love, Eugenia bestowed upon him a thousand caresses, which she accompanied with words equally kind and tender. What anxiety my brother would have relieved me from, said she, had he only told me the name

of my intended husband: what an aversion I had conceived against this husband? Ah! my dear Pedro, you cannot think how much I hated you. My dear Eugenia, says Pedro, what charms do I feel in that hatred? I shall merit it no otherways, than being your slave all the rest of my life.

After these two lovers had shewn one another all the marks of reciprocal affection, Eugenia was curious to know how her lover Pedro had acquired the friendship of her brother Count de Belslor; and he made no difficulty of telling her the whole history of the affair between him and his sister; and gave her a particular account of what had passed the night before. This was an high addition of joy to Eugenia, that her brother was to marry Pedro's sister. Donna Juana loved her friend Eugenia too well, not to partake in her joy upon this happy event. She testified her satisfaction both to her and Don Pedro, who at last parted from Eugenia, after they had agreed not to seem to know each other, when they appeared before her brother the count.

Don

Don Pedro returned to his father, who finding him disposed to obey his pleasure, was not a little rejoiced; and the more so, that he attributed his submission to the resolute and authoritative manner in which he had spoke to him the night before. They waited to hear from Count Belflor; and received a note, acquainting them he had obtained the king's consent for his own and his sister's marriage, with a considerable employment for Don Pedro; that the marriage-ceremonies of both might be performed next day, because the orders he had given for the preparations were dispatched with so much diligence, that they were almost finished. After dinner he came himself, to confirm what he had said, and to present Eugenia to them.

Old Don Lewis showed all imaginable fondness to this young lady; nor was Leonora wanting in her part. As for Don Pedro, however transported he was with love and joy, he had command enough over himself not to give the count the least suspicion of their former correspondence.

Count Belflor took particular notice of the behaviour of his sister, and fancied,

notwithstanding the restraint she put upon herself, that she had no aversion to Don Pedro. To be more certain of it, he took her aside, and made her acknowledge she had no dislike to the gentleman he had destined her for: afterwards he informed her of Don Pedro's birth and family, which he would not do before, lest the difference might have created a prejudice in her breast against him; and which she pretended to hear, as if she had been quite a stranger to what her brother said to her.

To conclude, after a great many compliments on both sides, it was agreed that the marriages should be celebrated in the house of Don Lewis. The ceremonies were performed this evening, and the rejoicings are not yet over. This is the cause of all this mirth and revelry, every one being more overjoyed than another. Dame Marcella is the only person who does not partake in these pleasures, and is this moment crying, while the rest are laughing. For Count Belflor, after the marriage-ceremonies, confessed the whole affair to Don Lewis; and the old gentleman has already provided a place for this
vir-

virtuous governante in the monastery of the *Arrepentidas*, where the thousand pistoles she received as the price of Leonora's virtue, will serve to help her thro' a course of penitence during the remainder of her life.

C H A P. VI.

What other things Don Cleofas saw, and in what manner he was revenged of Donna Thomasa.

LET us now cast our eyes another way, continued Asmodeus, and examine new objects. Look into that hotel which is directly under us, and you will observe what is pretty singular. A man deeply in debt, and who notwithstanding sleeps soundly. He must then be a man of quality, says Leandro. It is even as you say, replies the demon; he is a marquis worth an hundred thousand ducats a year, and yet his expence exceeds his income. His table and the ladies he has in keeping oblige him to run in debt; but that is so far from giving him any uneasiness, that when he has a mind to run in debt to any man, he imagines that man greatly obliged to him, as

he told a mercer the other day, It is from you, Sir, I will have credit for the future, I honour you with this mark of distinction.

While the marquis thus tastes the sweets of slumber which his creditors do not enjoy, observe that man there, who----Hold Signior Asmodeus, says Don Cleofas, interrupting him, I see a chariot in the street, I cannot help asking you who is in it. Hush ! replied Asmodeus, (speaking low, as if he had been afraid of being overheard) you must know that chariot conceals one of the gravest personages in all the Spanish monarchy. He is a president, and is going, after the cares of the day, to make merry with an old Asturian lady, devoted to his pleasures : and that he may not be known, has taken the same precaution Caligula formerly did, who, on a like occasion, put on a peruke to be the better disguised.

Let us now return to the scene I was to have presented to your view, when you interrupted me. You see in the highest part of the marquis's house, a man busy at work in a study, full of books and manuscripts. Perhaps, says the other,
that

that may be my lord's steward, thinking of ways and means how to discharge his master's debts. That's pleasant enough, replies the demon, as if the stewards of such houses troubled themselves about that circumstance. They employ their thoughts more how to make an advantage of the distress of their masters, than to put their affairs in order. The man you see is no steward, he is an author. The marquiss keeps him in his house, affecting to appear a patron of men of letters. This author, replied Don Cleofas, is undoubtedly a writer of great note. You shall judge of that yourself, answered the demon: after ransacking a thousand volumes, he is to make one, in which there will be nothing of his own. He plunders those books and manuscripts; and tho' he has nothing else to do than putting in order what he has so pilfered from others, yet he has more vanity than an original author.

You'll hardly guess, continued Asmodeus who lives three doors below this hotel; it is no other than La Chicon, that lady of whom I have made such honourable mention in the history of Count de Belflor. Ah! cries Leandro, how I rejoice to see that excellent person so ser-

viceable to youth ; she is one of those two old women, I suppose, whom I see in that parlour : one of them leans upon a table, looking attentively at the other, who is telling of money. Which of the two is la Chicona ? She who does not tell the money, answered Asmodeus, the other's name is Pebrada, and who follows the same honourable trade ; they are partners ; and are this moment dividing the fruits of their labour from an adventure, which they have had the good fortune to bring to a happy conclusion.

La Pebrada has the best custom. She is employed by a great many rich widows, to whom she brings regularly every morning her list for them to read. What do you mean by a list, replies the student ? That contains, says Asmodeus, the names of all the handsome strangers who come to Madrid, but particularly Frenchmen. As soon as this able brokersess hears of the arrival of any new men, she goes to the inns to inform herself of their country, their birth, their make, their mein, and their age. Then makes a report to the widows her customers, who attentively peruse it, and if they fancy any of the list La Pebrada procures an interview.

This

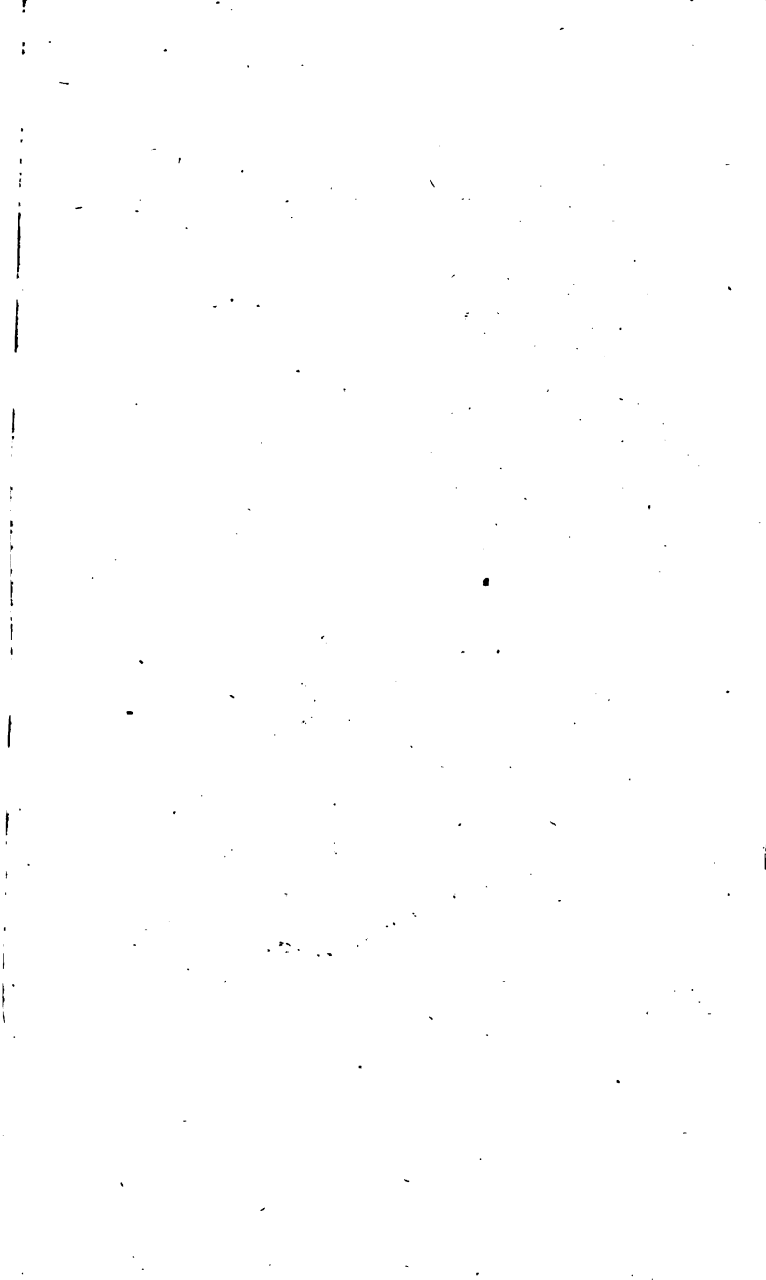
This is vastly convenient, and indeed, in some measure reasonable, replied Zambullo smiling; for to be sure were it not for these good ladies, and they who do business for them, young gentlemen who are strangers here, would lose an infinite deal of time, before they could establish a proper acquaintance. But tell me, are there widows and procureesses of this sort in other countries? A pretty question truly, answered the demon; do you make any doubt of that? I should but ill discharge the duties of my mission here on earth, if I neglected to furnish any great city with a sufficient number of these convenient ladies.

Observe this neighbour of La Chicona, that printer whom you see all alone working at his press; it is now three hours since he has sent away his servants, and will spend the whole night in secretly printing off a book. What may this work then be, says Leandro? It treats of the nature of offences, replied the demon; it proves that religion is more to be regarded than punctilios of honour; and that it is better to forgive than to revenge a wrong. What a rascal of a printer is this! cries the student, he is in the right to print in

secret such an infamous treatise ; and I would advise the author to keep himself concealed, or I should be one of the first to cudgel him. What ! does religion forbid a man to preserve his honour ?

We shall not enter into a discussion of that point at present, answered Asmodeus with a satyrical smile : it seems you have made a very good use of the lessons of morality taught you at the university of Alcalá ; and I give you joy of your proficiency. You may say what you please, replied Cleofas ; let the author of this ridiculous work support his theory with ever so plausible arguments, I laugh at them ; I am a Spaniard, and hold nothing so sweet as revenge. And as you promised me to punish the perfidy of my mistress, I challenge you to make good that promise.

I yield with pleasure to the transports of your resentment, replies the demon : how I love these growing geniuses, that without hesitation give way to the rising dictates of their passions ! I'll do what you desire of me immediately, as the proper time for having your revenge is already come ; but I would first entertain you with a most
joyous





joyous scene. Cast your eyes a little beyond the printing-office, and observe particularly what passes in that apartment hung with crimson. I observe there, answered Leandro, five or six women, who with great eagerness are giving vials to a man who seems to be a valet; and they appear to me in a violent agitation.

These are, replied the demon, devout women, who have reason to be under great concern, as there is in that apartment a member of the holy inquisition who lies sick. This venerable father, who is near thirty five years of age, is in a chamber adjoining to that where you see the women. Two of his dearest penitents are continually with him, one feeds him with sops; and the other, who sits at his pillow, takes care to keep his head warm, and to cover his breast with near fifty blankets. What may his disease be? says Zambullo. He has got a cold in his head, replied the demon, and there is some reason to fear it may fall upon his lungs.

Those other devotees, whom you see in the anti-chamber, upon hearing of his sickness, have come to his apartment in a great hurry, every one bringing different

rent remedies for his disorder : one brings for his cough, syrups of maiden hair, marshmallows, coral and colts foot ; another, to preserve his reverence's lungs, syrup of spit-wort, wall flower, and elixir proprietatis : a third, to comfort his brain and stomach, has got balm, cinnamon, and treacle-water, with the essence of musk and ambergrease : a fourth presents him with cordial and bezoardic confections, and another is provided with tinctures of jelly-flowers, coral, corn-poppy, and emeralds.--- All these zealous devotees extol their specificks to the inquisitor's servant, whom each takes aside in her turn ; and touching him with a ducat, whispers him in the ear : Laurence, my dear Laurence, let my vial have the preference.

My God ! what happy mortals these fathers of the inquisition are, cries Don Cleofas. That they are, I give you my word, replied Asmodeus ; I myself can hardly forbear envying them ; and as Alexander said formerly, that if he were not Alexander, he would be glad to be Diogenes ; so I declare to you if I were not a devil, I would chuse to be a father of the holy inquisition.

Come,

UPON CRUTCHES. 137

Come, Mr. Student, continued he, let us go immediately and punish this base woman who has made such ungrateful returns to your tenderness. Upon this Zambullo laid hold of the skirts of Asmodeus's mantle, who a second time winged him thro' the air, and pitched him on the house of Donna Thomasa.

This lady was sitting at table with the four assassins who had pursued Leandro over the tops of the houses; his blood boiled with rage, when he saw them feasting on two partridges and a rabbit, which, with some bottles of excellent wine, he had bought and carried with him to her house: and as a further incitement to his rage, he easily perceived that mirth and joy accompanied this repast; and was convinced by the behaviour of Thomasa, that the company of these wretches was more agreeable to her than his. O! scoundrels, cried he, with a furious voice, see how they regale themselves at my expence? what a mortifying sight is this to me?

I agree with you, answered the demon, that this is not the most agreeable scene you could behold; but a man that frequents these ladies of pleasure, must expect

pect now and then to meet with such adventures : they happen in France a thousand times to Abbés, to gentlemen of the robe, and commissioners of the revenue. Had I my sword, replied Cleofas, I would immediately fall upon these rascals, and disturb their jollity. It would be no equal match, replied the demon, should you attack them single ; let me alone to revenge your cause ; I'll do it more effectually than you can. I'll immediately sow the seeds of division, and send among them the spirit of lust, so that they shall quarrel and fall upon each other ; you will see excellent sport presently.

At these words, he breathed from his mouth a bluish vapour, which descended winding, like a fire-work, and spread itself over the table of Donna Thomasa ; immediately one of the guests, who first felt the power of this infernal blast, drew near to the lady, and caressed her with transport ; and the others, who by this time likewise were seized with the same rage, endeavoured to pull her away from him. Every one demanding the preference, and disputing for the prize in his own favour, the fury of jealousy seized them, they came at last to extremities, and

drawing their swords, began to fight desperately with one another. In the mean time Donna Thomasa set up horrible shrieks, which alarmed the neighbourhood, who called for the constables of the night. The constables came, and breaking open the door, found upon their coming in, two of these bullies stretched dead upon the floor: they seized the other two, and carried them off to prison along with Thomasa. It was to no purpose that this unhappy wretch shed tears, tore her hair, and shewed all the marks of despair; the people who conveyed her off were as little moved as Zambullo, who along with Asmodeus, burst out into great fits of laughter,

Well, says the demon to our student, are you satisfied? I am not, replied Cleofas; to render my satisfaction complete, you must carry me to the prisons, that I may have the satisfaction to see there, that abandoned woman, who has made such ungrateful returns to my love; for at this moment I feel in myself more detestation against her, than I formerly felt of sentiments of tenderness. I'll do it with all my heart, replied the demon, you shall always find me ready to comply with your
inclina-

inclinations, should they even be contrary to my own, or opposite to my interest, provided they tend to your advantage.

They both flew towards the prison, where the two ruffians arrived very soon, and were put into a dark dungeon. As for Thomasa, they laid her upon some straw, with three or four other women of bad life, whom they had taken up that same day, and who were to-morrow to be carried away to the place appointed for that sort of creatures.

Now, says Zambullo, I am quite satisfied ; I riot in the sweets of full revenge. My little dear Thomasa will not pass the night so agreeably as she expected ; and we'll go now and continue our observations in what place you think proper. No place can be more proper than where we are, replied the spirit : there are in the prison a great number both of the guilty and of the innocent ; it is a place which is the beginning of punishment for the one, and serves to purify the virtue of the other. I must shew you some prisoners of both sorts, and tell you the reasons why they are kept here in irons.

C H A P. VII.

Of the prisoners.

BEFORE I enter into particulars, you must observe a little the turnkeys, who stand at the entry of these dreadful mansions. The poets of antiquity have placed only one Cerberus at the gates of their hell. You see here a great many. These turnkeys are dead to every sentiment of humanity. The most abandoned of all my brethren would, with difficulty, be able to supply the place of any of them. But I perceive, continued he, that you look with horror on these dismal cells, where a mat is all the furniture; these frightful dungeons appear to you as so many sepulchres. It is not without reason you are shocked at the horrible misery you observe, and that you deplore the condition of these unhappy wretches, whom the hand of justice confines in this dreadful place. However, they are not all alike objects of pity, as we shall see presently, when we come to examine them.

First

First of all, there is in that great room upon your right hand, four men who lie on two very paultry beds. One is a vintner, who stands accused of having poisoned a stranger, who t'other day drank in his house till he burst; and they pretend that it was the badness of the wine that occasioned the death of the deceased. The master of the tavern, on the other hand, affirms that it was the quantity; and the court will take his word for it, as the stranger was a German. And who is in the right, says Don Cleofas, the vintner or his accusers? why saith the affair is problematic, replied the demon, and is a moot-point. True it is, the wine was adulterated, but it is equally true that the German guest drank such an unmeasurable quantity, that the judges may with a safe conscience set mine host at liberty.

The second prisoner is an assassin by trade, one of those abandoned ruffians whom they call Bravos; and who for four or five pistoles lend their assistance to all who are willing to be at that expence, and want to have any one taken off secretly. The third is a dancing-master, who dresses like a petit-maitre, and has taught one of his female scholars a new way of dancing

ing a minuet ; and the fourth is a gentleman of gallantry, who was surprized last week by the watch, as he was getting up by a balcony, into the apartment of a lady of his acquaintance, whose husband was out of the way. He has nothing to do but own his amorous correspondence, to draw himself out of this scrape ; but he chuses rather to pass for a robber, and run the risque of his life, than expose the honour of the lady.

Upon my word, says Don Cleofas, this gentleman is a very discreet lover. It must be owned indeed, — that our nation exceeds all others in point of gallantry. I'll lay any wager, for example, that a Frenchman would not, like a Spaniard, let himself be hanged, out of such punctilio of delicacy. No, that he would not, I assure you, replied the demon, he would more likely get into a balcony, on set purpose to publish the dishonour of any woman who granted him favours.

In that small place next to the four men, continued he, is a famous sorceress, who has the reputation of being able to do things impossible, by the power of her art. Old rich widows, as they say, find young
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men who love them without any view of interest ; husbands become faithful to their wives, and coquettes love in earnest the rich cavaliers that court them ; but nothing of this is true : she possesses no other secret but that of persuading people she does, and from their credulity has been able to pick up a pretty comfortable livelihood. The holy office reclaims this prisoner, and she will probably be burnt the first act of faith that is solemnized.

Below this small room is a dark dungeon, which serves as a place of rest to a young man who kept a tavern. What the devil, cries Leandro, more tavern-keepers ? they don't intend surely to poison the whole universe. The case of this man is not the same with the other ; they laid hold of this poor wretch the day before yesterday, and the inquisition reclaims him likewise. I'll give you a short history of the affair of his commitment.

An old soldier, who by his courage, or rather indeed by his perseverance in the service, had risen to the dignity of a halbert, came to recruit in Madrid. He enquired at an inn for lodging, where he was told there were rooms enough for him to lie

lie in, but that they could not shew him into any, because of an apparition that haunted the house every night, and insulted such strangers as had the hardiness to take up their residence in them. This was no discouragement to the serjeant : shew me any room you will, says he, and give me some wine, with pipes, and tobacco ; as for the rest, you need be under no uneasiness. Your spirits know how to respect an old soldier grown weary under the weight of his accoutrements.

The people upon that declaration, shewed this recruiting officer into an apartment, as he seemed so resolute, and brought him what he had called for. He began immediately to smook and drink, and as it was past midnight before this spirit gave any interruption to the profound silence that reigned in the house, it appeared very probable, that he paid some respect to his new guest : but between one and two in the morning, the halberdeer was alarmed with a most hideous noise, as if it were of chains ; and immediately saw a most frightful spectre entering his apartment, clad in black and fettered in irons. The serjeant was in no sort moved at this apparition : without laying down his pipe,

he advanced with great tranquillity towards the spirit, and with the flat of his sword, saluted him with a damnable rap over the head.

The ghost not used to such a reception, set up a hideous scream; and perceiving the soldier was about to renew his civility, fell down on his knees, and in a very supplicating tone, for the love of God, most noble serjeant, said he, forbear; take pity on a poor unfortunate devil, who throws himself at your feet, to implore your clemency. I conjure you by the spirit of Jago, who was as you, a mighty and right valiant man at the halbert. If you value your life, answers this old trooper, you must tell me what you are, and speak the truth, and nothing but the truth, or in an instant will I cleave thee in two, as the knights of old served the giants whom they encountered. At these words, the spirit, who plainly perceived what sort of hands he was got into, thought it most adviseable to own the whole truth.

I am, says he, drawer of this inn, and my name is William: I am in love with Juanella, my master's only daughter, and she does not dislike me; but as her pa-
rents





UPON CRUTCHES. 147

rents have in view for her a match above my rank, in order to reconcile them to me for a son-in-law, the young woman and I agreed that I should act the part every night you see me do now ; I wrap myself up in a long black cloak, and hang the chain of the jack about my neck, with which I run up and down the whole house from the cellar to the garret, making the noise you have heard. When I come to my master and mistress's door, I stop and call out, think not that I will give you any rest, till you have married Juanella to your drawer.

After having uttered these words in a hoarse and growling voice, I continue my rounds, and at last go through a window into a little closet, where Juanella lies alone, to whom I give a full account of my proceedings. My noble serjeant, continues William, you may perceive by this, that I have told you the truth ; and after such a confession, I am very sensible you may ruin me by letting my master into the secret ; but if, instead of doing me this ill office, you will have the goodness to assist me, you may depend upon it, my gratitude----How, in the name of the devil, young man, can I assist you,

replies the serjeant ? I'll tell you ; you have nothing to do, but say to-morrow, that you have seen the spirit, and that he put you in such a fright-----How, fright ! sblood, sirrah, would you have serjeant Annibal Antonio Quebrantador, say he was frightened ? I would rather that fifty millions of devils----No, lord, sir, I did not mean that in the least. Nothing like it, only that you might speak as you thought proper, so that you assisted me in my scheme. Sir, if I have the happiness to marry Juanella, I give you my word and honour, that you and all your friends shall at all times be welcome to my house, without its costing you a farthing. Master William, replies this old battered warrior, you have a taking way with you ; you propose to me that I should countenance a cheat ; 'tis a very serious matter, but the force of your rhetorick is such as makes me not mind the consequences. Go, begin your noise and rattling again, and tell Juanella what has happened, I'll take upon me to answer for the rest.

Hannibal was as good as his word. The next morning he went to the landlord and landlady of the inn ; told them he had seen
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the apparition, and that he found him a very reasonable ghost. I am, said he to me, the great grandfather of the master of this inn. I had a daughter, whom I promised in marriage to the father of the grandfather of the young man who is his drawer; notwithstanding which, I violated my plighted faith, married her to another, and a short time after died. Ever since that time I remain in torments, and suffer the punishment of my breach of faith. Nor can my departed spirit find any rest, till some one of my generation be married to one of the generation of master William: and for this reason it is that I every night haunt this house; nevertheless, I find it is to no purpose, that I warn them that they marry Juanilla with master William. The son of my grandson, as well as his wife, lend a deaf ear to my remonstrances; but tell them, if you please, Mr. Serjeant, that if they do not comply immediately I will proceed to extremities, and broil and carbonade them in such a manner as they little think of.

The man of the inn, who is a weak simple fellow, was strangely staggered at this discourse: and his wife, who is yet weaker than he, imagining that she saw

the devil at her heels, consented to the marriage, which was solemnized the next day. Master William, a short time after, set up his business in another part of the town, where serjeant Annibal Antonio Quebrantador did not fail very frequently to pay his respects to him; and the young vintner, out of gratitude, gave him as much wine as he could drink; which pleased the halberdeer so much, that he not only brought all his friends, but even his recruits, and made them all drunk at free cost.

But master William began at last to grow weary of furnishing liquor to so many people, and declared his thoughts upon that head to the soldier; who, without reflecting that he had gone beyond the terms of agreement, was so unreasonable as to treat master William as a little ungrateful scoundrel. William answered, the serjeant replied; and the conversation ended in some half dozen blows, which Hannibal bestowed upon the young vintner. Several people who passed by, took the part of master William; the serjeant wounded three or four of them, and would not have stopped there, if a troop of archers had not seized him, as a disturber

ber of the publick peace : they carried him to prison, where he has confessed every thing that I have now told you ; and upon his confession they have seized master William ; the father-in-law demands that the marriage be annulled, and the holy office, upon information that William is worth some money, want to look into the affair.

Thanks be to God, cried Don Cleofas, how watchful the fathers of the holy inquisition are ! the moment they smell out any affair, from which the smallest advantage-----Hush ! replied Asmodeus, take particular care what liberties you give yourself, in regard to that tremendous tribunal : they have spies every where, who inform them even of things that never have been spoke ; I myself dare hardly mention their name, but with fear and trembling.

In the place above this unhappy vintner, in the first room upon your left hand, are two men worthy of commiseration. One of them is a young valet de chambre, whom his lady received in private as a lover. The husband happened to surprize them ; upon which, she cried out

for help, as if the valet had made an attempt upon her virtue. They immediately seized this poor wretch, who, in all probability, will fall a sacrifice to the reputation of his mistress.

The companion of the valet, who is yet less culpable than he, likewise runs the risk of losing his life. He is groom of the chamber to a dutchess, who has been robbed of a fine diamond, and they accuse him of being the thief. To-morrow he will be put upon the rack, and tortured till he confess the robbery; tho' in the mean while the person who stole it is a favourite chambermaid, whom they dare not suspect.

Ah ! Signior Asmodeus, says Leandro, for the love of God do some service to this unhappy wretch ; his innocence makes me interest myself in his behalf ; use your power to free him from those cruel punishments with which he is threatned : he deserves----- You don't consider what you say, Mr. Student, replied the demon, interrupting him. Can you think of asking me to oppose an iniquitous action, or that I should hinder an innocent man from perishing ? you might as well ask
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an attorney not to ruin the widow and the orphan.

I must therefore tell you once for all, that you are not to expect any thing from me so directly contrary to my interests, unless at least you can shew that it will considerably tend to your own particular advantage. Besides, were I inclined to do so, do you imagine I could release a prisoner? how, says Zambullo, have you not the power of setting a man free from prison? No, indeed, replied the other, if you had ever read *Enchiridion*, or *Albertus Magnus*, you would have known that this is beyond the power of me, or any of my brethren: had I the misfortune myself to be laid hold of by the claws of justice, I could find no other means of escape, but that of touching very feelingly.

In the next chamber on the same side is a surgeon, who is convicted of having taken in a fit of jealousy, the same quantity of blood from his wife, as was taken from Seneca. This day he was put to the torture; and after confessing the crime of which he stood charged, he has owned further, that for ten years past he has taken a pretty extraordinary method to get

himself business : In the night time he used to wound people as they passed along, and made his escape through a back door of his own house ; and while the persons so wounded cried for help, and the neighbours gathered round about them, the surgeon came there amongst the rest, and finding a man weltering in blood, made him be carried to his shop, where the same hand that wounded, applied the balsam.

But though the surgeon has made this confession, and deserves to die a thousand times, yet he is not without hopes of obtaining a pardon, which may very probably be the case, as he is related to the prince's nurse ; besides, I must acquaint you that he has a wonderful kind of wash, which he alone knows how to make ; it whitens the skin, and gives the bloom of youth to decrepit old age, and is now made use of for that purpose by three ladies of the court, who have joined their interests to save him. He depends so much upon them, or rather if you will, upon his wash, that he now sleeps soundly, in the agreeable hopes, that when he wakes he shall be discharged out of prison.

I per-

I perceive in the same chamber, says the student, another man who lies upon a mat; and who, I think, likewise enjoys the quiet of repose, I fancy his situation is not desperate. It is a very odd affair, replied the demon. This gentleman is a Biscayan, and has made his fortune by a random shot; I'll tell you in what manner. About a fortnight ago, he was hunting with his elder brother, who was possessed of a considerable estate, and by a most unhappy accident killed him, instead of a brace of partridge. That was no bad *qui pro quo* for a younger brother, said Don Cleofas laughing; no more it was, replied Asmodeus; but the other relations of the family, who would fain be heirs to the estate of the defunct, prosecute him as the murderer, and accuse him of having done this, that he might be the only heir of the family. He has surrendered himself of his own accord, and appears so afflicted at the death of his brother, that one cannot imagine he could have any hand in taking away his life. And has he not really, said Leandro, any thing to reproach himself with, but his mistake when he was shooting? No, replied the demon, to be sure he had no bad intentions; tho', for my own share,

I would advise all gentlemen of estates, not to go a hunting with their younger brothers.

Observe these two young men, who are lodged in a little hole near the Biscayan, and are as merry as if they were at their liberty. They are two accomplished sharppers ; one of them in particular, who will perhaps one day entertain the publick with a detail of his pranks ; and is a second edition of Gusman de Alfarache. That is he in the brown velvet, and a feather in his hat.

It is not three months since he lived in this town page to Count d' Oniate, and would have been to this day in the service of that nobleman, had it not been for a trick he played, which is the cause of his being in prison ; and which I will give you an account of.

This young fellow, whose name is Domingo, happened to receive when he was in the service of the count, an hundred lashes for something he had been guilty of, by order of the groom of the chambers, and master of the pages. This piece
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of discipline had for a long time stuck in his stomach, and he was resolved to be revenged. He had often observed that Signior Don Cosmo, for that is the name of this esquire, washed his hands with orange flower-water, and rubbed his body with pink and jessamine; that he took more pains with himself than an old coquet; and that, in a word, he was one of those fops who imagine a woman can't see them without being in love with them. This observation suggested to him a project of revenge, which he imparted to a young hussy in the neighbourhood, of whose assistance he stood in need, and with whom he was so well acquainted, that he could not possibly be more so.

This Abigail, whose name was Floretta, that she might enjoy the pleasure of his conversation with more ease, made him pass for her cousin in the house of Donna Luziana her mistress, whose father was at that time in the country. The arch rogue Domingo, after having instructed his pretended cousin in the part she was to act, came in one morning into the chamber of Don Cosmo, where he found the squire, who was trying on a new suit of cloaths, and was standing be-
fore

fore the glass, admiring his own figure. The page, as if he had been in raptures at the sight of this Narcissus, said to him, Signior Don Cosmo, you have the air of a prince. I see all the great lords at court most gorgeously clad; but notwithstanding the richness of their dress, I do not find one of them that carries your noble mien. I cannot say, added he, whether my being so much devoted to you, as I am, may not render me prejudiced in your favour, but in my own opinion, you eclipse all the brilliancy of a birth-day.

Don Cosmo simpering at this discourse, which so aptly suited his vanity, answered with an air of self-complacency, you flatter me my friend, or rather you love me, and your friendship sees more graces in me than what nature has bestowed. I can't allow that, replied this rogue, for every body speaks of you as well as I do. I wish only you had heard what a cousin of mine said t'other day, who is a lady of quality's woman.

The other pricked up his ears at this hint, and asked with great eagerness, what he had heard his cousin say? Say! replied Do-

Domingo; she enlarged upon the gratefulness of your stature, that noble and agreeable air, which diffuses itself over your whole person; and what is still more, she told me in confidence, that Donna Luziana her mistress took a singular pleasure in looking at you through her lattice every time you pass by her house.

Who is that lady, said Don Cosmo, and where does she live? What! replies the other, don't you know that she is the only daughter of General Don Fernando our neighbour? Ah! cries Don Cosmo, I now recollect, I remember to have heard a great deal said of the fortune and beauty of Luziana. She is a lady of great distinction, but is it possible she can have any regard for me? Make no doubt of it, says Domingo, my cousin has told me so; and though she is but a waiting maid, I can assure you the girl is not given to lying. I can answer for her as for myself. As that is the case, said Don Cosmo, I should be glad to have a private conversation with your cousin, to engage her in my interest by some small presents, as is usual on such occasions; and if she gives me encouragement to make my addresses to her mistress I'll even try my fortune. I allow there is a great difference
between

between Don Fernando and me; but what then? I am made a gentleman, and am worth five hundred ducats a year. There happens every day more extraordinary marriages than this.

The page encouraged his master in his resolution, and procured an interview between him and his cousin, who finding him ready to swallow every thing, assured him without further preamble, that her mistress was deeply in love with him. She has often spoke to me upon that head, said she to him, and the answers I have given her, have been, I assure you, no ways to your disadvantage. In a word, Signior Don Cosmo, you may safely depend upon it, that Luziana has a secret passion for you. I would advise you without further ceremony, to make her honourable proposals; and demonstrate to her, that as you are the handsomest, you are at the same time, the most polite and gallant cavalier in Madrid: give her serenades, she loves them above all things, and I will take care on my part, to make her put a proper value on these instances of your gallantry, and doubt not but my good offices may be of service to you. Don Cosmo was transported to find Floretta

retta enter so warmly into his interest; and embracing her, put upon her finger a ring of small value, which he had brought on purpose to make her a present. My dear Floretta, said he, I make you a present of this diamond only to begin our acquaintance; I will be grateful, and make you a more solid recompence for the services you shall do me.

No man could be more satisfied than our squire was with this interview. He not only thanked Domingo for having procured it for him, but made him a present of a pair of silk stockings, and some shirts with laced ruffles; promising him besides, that he would let slip no opportunity of doing him service. After which he consulted him on what measures were proper to be taken: my friend, says he to him, what is your opinion, would you have me break my mind to Luziana in a letter, conceived in passionate and sublime expressions? That is, my opinion altogether, said Domingo; declare your love to her in the highest stile, I am certain she will receive it favourably. I believe so too, replied Don Cosmo, and am determined at all events, to begin that way: upon this he immediately set about to write,
and

and after having fouled and tore above twenty sheets of paper, he at last conceived a billet-doux which he fixed upon; this he read to Domingo, who having listened to it with marks of admiration, took upon him to carry it to his cousin. The letter was writ in this lofty and sublime manner.

Long, long is the time, O charming Luziana, that influenced by the voice of fame's trumpet, which proclaims aloud your perfections through the universe, my heart has been fired with an ardent passion for you; yet notwithstanding these consuming flames that broil my vitals, I have not yet attempted any act of gallantry; but as I understand that you vouchsafe to look upon me with a favourable eye, when I pass by your lattice; that lattice, which from the eyes of mortals envelops your celestial beauty; and that even by the fate of destiny (fate thrice happy for me) you entertain on my behalf sentiments of regard, I take the liberty to beg you will permit me to consecrate myself eternally to your service. If I am so happy as to attain this, I renounce all other women past, present, and to come.

Don Cosmo de la Higuera.
The

UPON CRUTCHES. 163

The page and the waiting woman did not fail to make themselves merry at the expence of Don Cosmo and his letter ; but they did not stop there, they joined their heads together, and composed a tender billet-doux, which Mrs. Abigail wrote with her own hand, and which Domingo gave the next day to the squire, as an answer from Donna Luziana. It was conceived in these words.

I Can't imagine who has so well informed you of my secret sentiments. I find I am betrayed by somebody ; but whoever it be I forgive them, as it is the occasion of my knowing that you love me. Of all the men I see pass through the street, you are he I take the most pleasure to look at, and am extremely glad you are become my lover ; though perhaps it is what I ought not to be glad of, and much less to tell you so : but if I have committed a fault, your transcendent merit is my excuse.

Donna Luziana.

Though this letter was rather too much to be supposed to come from the daughter of a general officer (for the writers of it had not been so nice in their reflections,) Don Cosmo had no kind of distrust of it ;
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he had so good an opinion of himself, as to believe that any lady upon his account might transgress the rules of decency and delicacy. Ah! Domingo, cried he, after reading aloud the supposed letter, you see plainly how much the lady is smitten; I shall be in a short time the son-in-law of Don Ferdinand, or my name is not Don Cosmo de la Higuera.

No doubt of it, answered Domingo, you have made a violent impression upon the heart of the young lady. But a propos, continued he, I remember now that my cousin expressly charged me to tell you, that to-morrow at furthest, it would be absolutely necessary you should entertain her mistress with a serenade, to make her still more desperately in love with you. I'll do it with all my heart, replied the other, and you may assure your cousin I will follow her advice; and that to-morrow without fail, she shall hear in her street at midnight one of the most gallant concerts that ever yet was heard in Madrid. Accordingly he went and found an able musician, to whom he communicated his project, and charged him with having it put in execution.

While

While he was thus busy in making preparations for the serenade, Floretta, whom Domingo had spoke to, finding her mistress in a good humour, had said to her, Madam, I am going to give you a most diverting entertainment. Luziana asked what was the matter. O! replied the other, laughing as if she had been mad, no small matter I assure you. Don Cosmo, who is an original character, and master of the pages to Count d'Onnate, has made choice of you as the sovereign lady of his affections; and that you may not remain ignorant of it, intends to-morrow evening to entertain you with a concert of vocal and instrumental musick. Donna Luziana, who is naturally of a chearful temper, and who besides was in no fear that the gallantries of this master of the pages would any ways hurt her reputation, was so far from being serious on the matter, that she anticipated the pleasure she should have from the serenade; so that this lady without her knowledge, confirmed Don Cosmo in his mistake, for which she would have been very angry with herself if she had been apprized of it.

Next evening there appeared before the balcony of Luziana two coaches, out of which

which this gallant squire and his trusty confident alighted, accompanied by six other men, singers and players upon instruments, who began their concert, which lasted a long time. They played a great number of new airs, and sung a great number of new songs, the subjects of which chiefly turned upon the power of love, to unite lovers of different rank and condition; and Luziana was infinitely delighted with every stanza that seemed to have any reference to herself.

When the serenade was over, Don Cosmo sent the musicians home in the same coaches they came, and waited with Domingo in the street, till such time as the curious people, who had come there upon hearing the musick, were retired; after which he came forward towards the balcony, from whence Floretta, by leave of her mistress, spoke to him through a chink of the lattice. Is it you, Signior Don Cosmo? Who asks me that question, replied he in a whining voice? Donna Luziana, answered Floretta, who wants to know if this concert be the effect of your gallantry. To this Don Cosmo answered, that what he had done to night was only a type of that homage his love would pay
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to that wonder of the age, if she would deign to receive it from one who was ready to immolate himself a victim upon the altar of her beauty.

Luziana could hardly forbear laughing at this high-strained compliment: however, she got the better of herself, and coming to the lattice, spoke to her gallant in the most serious manner she could: Signior Don Cosmo, I see you are no novice in affairs of gallantry. All gentlemen that are in love ought to make you their pattern in what manner to behave to their mistresses. I am extremely well pleased with your serenade, and shall consider you upon that account accordingly; but you must now retire, people may overhear us; another time we will have a longer conversation with each other. At these words, she shut the lattice, leaving the squire in the street, extremely well satisfied with his reception, and Domingo extremely surprized at her acting such a part in this comedy.

This affair, including the expence of the coach, and the immense quantity of wine drank by the musicians, cost Don Cosmo one hundred ducats; and about
two

two days after, Domingo dipped him into a farther expence, in the following manner. Having been informed by Floretta, that she and some others of her companions were to go a merry-making upon the eve of St. John, a night so celebrated in this city, he undertook to treat them with a magnificent repast at the expence of his master.

Signior Don Cosmo, said the page to him the evening before, you know what a high festival is to be kept to-morrow; and I am to acquaint you that Donna Luzziana proposes to be by break of day on the banks of the Mansanarez, to see the dancing upon that occasion. I apprehend this is a hint sufficient to you who are the most gallant of all cavaliers; you are not the man to let slip so fine an opportunity; and I dare answer for it, that your mistress and all her company will be nobly treated to-morrow morning. That you may safely do, replied the governor of the pages, and I thank you for your advice; you shall see whether I know or not how to make use of such an opportunity. And in fact, to-morrow morning by break of day, four of the domestick servants, accompanied by Domingo, and loaded with cold provisions
of

of all sorts, with a vast quantity of sweet-meats and the richest wines, arrived on the banks of the Manzanarez, where Floretta and her companions, habited like nymphs, were dancing to the rising of Aurora.

They felt no small joy when the page interrupted their mirth, by inviting them to partake of a repast in the name of Signior Don Cosmo de la Higuera. They sat down upon the grass, and began immediately to do honour to the entertainment, laughing immoderately at the fool who gave it; for this baggage Floretta had let them all into the secret.

As they were thus employed in mirth and jollity, they saw the squire himself appear, mounted on a pad belonging to the count, and in a very rich habit. He came forward to join Domingo and salute the company, who all got up to receive him with more respect, and returned him thanks for their entertainment. He cast his eyes around amongst all the women to find out Luziana, and pay her a fine compliment, which he had composed as he was pacing along on the road; but Floretta taking him aside, told him her mistress was so ill she could not attend the

VOL. I. I festival.

festival. Don Cosmo appeared mightily afflicted at this information, and asked what was the matter with his dear Luziana. She has got a great cold, replied the other, occasioned by her being almost the whole night upon the balcony without her veil, talking to me of you while you was giving the ferenade. The squire, who was greatly consoled for the illness of his mistress from the occasion of it, begged Mrs. Floretta to continue to him her good offices with her lady, and then went home more and more delighted with his good fortune.

It happened when these things were thus in agitation, that Don Cosmo received a bill of exchange from Andalusia for a thousand gold crowns, which came to him by the death of an uncle who died at Seville. This money was paid to him; and after having counted it, he put it into a strong box in the presence of Domingo, who was prodigiously attentive to this action of his master; and was so vastly smitten with the beauty of these broad pieces, that he determined to have them in his own possession, and to carry them off to Portugal. He imparted the scheme to Floretta; and proposed to her to take the same journey along with him. Though
this

this proposal deserved to have been well weighed, yet the Abigail, who was as bad as the page, accepted of it without hesitation. In a word, one night, when Don Cosmo was in his study, and busy in composing an emphatic letter to his mistress, Domingo found means to break open the box where the broad pieces were deposited, and having taken them off, got immediately into the street, and coming under the balcony of Luziana, began to mew like a cat. This was the signal agreed on between him and Floretta, who did not make him wait long; and being determined to follow his fortunes any where, they immediately went out of Madrid, imagining they should have time enough to get into Portugal before they could be overtaken, should they be pursued; but unhappily for them, Don Cosmo finding out that very night the robbery, and the flight of his confidant, immediately had recourse to justice; and the officers were sent out to all parts to apprehend the thief; they caught him near Zebreros with his nymph, and brought them both back. Mrs. Abigail now enjoys the comforts of a house of correction, and Domingo is in this prison.

Well, says Don Cleofas, doubtless Signior Don Cosmo has not lost his thousand gold crowns. I take it for granted they have been restored to him. O! not at all, replied the demon, you don't consider that these are, in the hands of justice, proofs of the crime; and they never part with such evidence. This governor of the pages, whose story is now publick about the town, remains both robbed of his thousand broad pieces, and is the jest of every basket-woman into the bargain.

Domingo and that other prisoner who now is at play with him, continued the demon, have for their neighbour a young Castilian, who was taken up for having in the presence of creditable witnesses, struck his father. Heavens! cries Leandro, what do you tell me? Can a son arrive to that pitch of wickedness, as to lift his hand against his own father? O! yes, replied the demon, that is nothing extraordinary; I'll give you an instance of the same kind. Under the reign of Pedro the first, surnamed the just and the cruel, the eighth king of Portugal, a young man of twenty years of age was taken up for the same crime. The king, who was, as you are, surprized at the novelty of the case, was
determined

UPON CRUTCHES. 173

determined to interrogate the mother of the criminal, which he did so dexterously, that he drew her into a confession, that the young man had been begot upon her body by a pious son of the church. And if the judges of this Castilian could manage the mother of their prisoner with as much address, they might come to the same explanation.

Cast your eyes upon that large dungeon below the three prisoners whom I have been just now shewing you, and observe what passes. You see three wretches there. They are highwaymen, and are just going to make their escape. They procured a file concealed in a loaf of bread, and have already sawed through a thick iron bar of one of the windows, through which they will get into a court which leads into the street. It is now above ten months since they were committed to prison, and above eight since they ought to have received the publick recompence of their crimes; but thanks to the slowness of justice, they are now setting out to commit more murders.

Follow me into this low place, where you see about twenty or thirty men lying

upon straw; they are pickpocket fellows that commit all sorts of crimes. Do you observe five or six of them who are pulling about a bricklayer's labourer, who this day has been sent to prison, for having wounded an archer with a brickbat? Why do the other prisoners so worry this poor labourer, says Zambullo? It is, replied Asmodeo, because he has not yet paid his garnish. But, continued he, let us leave these miserable wretches, and get away from this frightful place; we'll go and entertain ourselves with something more diverting.

C H A P. VIII.

Asmodeus shews Don Cleofas several people, and informs him what they have been doing throughout the day.

THEY left the prisoners, and flying away to another quarter of the town, stopt at a great hotel, where Asmodeo said to the student, I have a great mind to inform you of what all these persons about this hotel have been doing to-day: a detail that will probably divert you. I make no doubt of it, replied Leandro, and beg you will begin with that captain whom I see putting on his boots. I suppose

pose he has some affairs of consequence which call him hence. He is, replied the demon, a captain just ready to set out from Madrid; his horse is waiting for him in the street, and he is bound for Catalonia, where his regiment is quartered.

As this gentleman had no money, he applied to an usurer. Signior Sanguisuela, said he, could you not lend one a thousand ducats? Upon my word, Sir, said the usurer, with a pleasant and smiling countenance, I really have not so much myself, but to oblige you, I will try to find a man that may accommodate you with the sum you want; that is, who will give you four hundred ducats down for your note of a thousand, and out of that four hundred, you shall give me, if you please, sixty for my trouble. Money is now adays so vastly scarce ——— What an unconscionable extortion is this, cried the officer, to demand six hundred and sixty ducats for the loan of three hundred and forty? what piece of villainous knavery? such devouring vultures ought every one of them to be hanged.

My noble captain, replied the usurer with great coolness, don't put yourself in

a passion; go and try somewhere else; you have no reason to complain of any ill usage from me; I do not force you to take the three hundred and forty ducats; you may have them or let them alone as you please. The officer, who had nothing to reply to this argument, went away: but after having considered that he was under a necessity of setting out for his regiment; that the time was pressing, and that in short he could do nothing without money, he came back to the usurer this morning, whom he met at his door in a black cloak, a band, with short hair, and a vast large set of beads. Signior Sanguisuela, says he to him, I will take your three hundred and forty ducats; the necessity I am under for money obliges me to comply with your proposal. I am going to mass, replied the usurer very gravely; at my return, if you'll come, I'll give you the money. No, no, replies the captain, that won't do, you must go in again and give it me now. My affairs are so pressing as to admit of no delay. I must be dispatched immediately. That is what I cannot possibly comply with, replies Sanguisuela, I constantly hear mass every day before I enter upon any kind of business; this is a rule I have laid down to myself, and I am
deter

determined religiously to observe it during the whole course of my life.

However great the captain's eagerness was to finger the money, he was obliged to give way to the piety of Sanguisuela, and arm himself with patience; and, as if he had been afraid the ducats should have made their escape from him, he followed the usurer to church, heard mass with him, and after that, was preparing to go; but Sanguisuela whispered him in the ear, one of the ablest divines in all Madrid, said he, is going to preach, and I will upon no account lose his sermon.

The officer, to whom the time of mass appeared tedious, was at this new delay almost quite mad; however he staid in the church. The preacher appeared, and the subject of his discourse was against usury; the captain's heart rejoiced at this, and observing the countenance of Sanguisuela, he said within himself, if the heart of this Jew would but so far melt as let me have six hundred ducats, I should depart well satisfied with him. When the sermon was ended and they were gone out, the captain came up to the other and said, well, what think you of this divine, does not

his discourse carry with it much energy and conviction? For my part, I am quite moved with it. I am entirely of the same opinion with you, replied Sanguisuela, he has treated his subject perfectly well; I told you he was a man of great abilities, and has done his business accordingly; now let us go and dispatch ours.

What two women are these that lie together in the same bed, and laugh so heartily, cries Don Cleofas? they seem to be jolly girls. They are, replied the demon, two sisters, and have this morning buried their father, who was a man of a peevish temper, and who had so great an aversion to marriage, or rather a reluctance to part with any thing to his daughters, that he never would give his consent to the most advantageous offers that were made them. The old man was just now the subject of their conversation; he is dead, said the eldest; that unnatural father, who took such a barbarous pleasure in seeing us continue maids will now no more oppose our inclinations. As for me, said the other sister, I am for what is substantial, and will have a rich man, were he the greatest beast in nature; and the fat Don Blanco shall be my choice. Softly,

UPON CRUTCHES. 179

Softly, sister, replies the eldest, we must have those husbands that fate allots us, for marriages - are registered in heaven; so much the worse, replied the youngest, for if that is the case, I am afraid my father will tear out the leaf. The eldest could not help bursting into a fit of laughter at this conceit, and they are both laughing at it now.

In the house next that of the two sisters, a female adventurer of Arragon has hired furnished lodgings. I see her admiring herself before the glass instead of going to bed; she congratulates herself upon her charms, which have gained her to-day an important conquest. She studies new airs, and has found out one which to-morrow will be practised with great success upon her lover; and indeed she cannot be too careful of him, for he is well worth looking after, as she herself declared but just now to one of her creditors who came to dun her for money: have a little patience, said she, my friend, and come back again in a few days; I am in terms with one of the most considerable persons belonging to the revenue.

I need not ask you, says Leandro, how that man has been employed that I now see. He must have been busied all the day in writing letters. What a number of them lies upon the table! And what is most remarkable, replied the demon, the subject of all these letters is the same. This gentleman has written to all his friends, imparting to them an affair that has happened to him this afternoon. He was in love with a widow of thirty, who is a fine lady and a prude: she received his addresses favourably, and at last consented to his proposal of marriage. But while they were making necessary preparations for the nuptials, she allowed her gallant the liberty of visiting her at her own house. He was there this afternoon: and as by chance there happened to be nobody in the way to give notice of his coming, he entered the apartment of his mistress, whom he found in a gallant dishabille; or to speak more truly, lying almost naked upon a couch. As she was fast asleep he approached her softly, to make use of the opportunity, and snatched a kiss; upon which the lady waked, and sighing, tenderly said, *What again! my dear Ambrosio, Ah! leave me to my rest.* The cavalier, who is a man naturally well-bred, went
away

away immediately, gave up all his pretensions to the lady; and as he was going out of her apartment met the footman: Ambrosio, said he to him, you must not go in, your mistress desires you would leave her to her rest.

Two doors beyond that of the cavalier, I see in a small apartment a man, who may pass for an original of a husband; for he sleeps soundly, and is lulled to slumber by the continual scolding of his wife, who loads him with reproaches for having been from home all day; and would be still more enraged, if she knew how he had spent his time. I fancy he has been engaged too in some love adventure, says Leandro: you are right, replied Asmodeus, and I'll give you an account of the particulars.

The man you see is a tradesman, his name is Patricio, he is one of those libertine husbands, who live without any regard to wife or children, though he married a young woman of beauty and virtue, by whom he has one son and two daughters, all of them infants. This morning he went out of his house, without enquiring whether he had left a loaf of bread for his family,

family, which very often are without one. He went through the great square, where the preparations for the bull-fighting, which was to-day, occasioned him to stop. The scaffolds were already fitted up all round the square, and the people were beginning to take their places.

As he was considering every thing about him, he spied a lady handsome and well dressed, who in stepping from the scaffold, shewed a fine turned leg, with pink-coloured silk stockings and embroidered garters; a circumstance which was more than enough to put this silly creature of a tradesman besides himself. He immediately went up to the lady, who was in company with another, and who likewise shewed by her behaviour, that they were both women of the town. Ladies, said he, if I can be of any use to you, you need but speak; you will find me devoted to your service. Signior Cavalier, answered the nymph with the pink-coloured stockings, your offer is too good to be refused; we have indeed taken our places, but are quitting them to go to breakfast, for we have been so foolish as to come out this morning without taking so much as a dish of chocolate; and as you are so polite to offer

offer us your service; we will wait upon you any where you please, where we can have something for breakfast, provided it be in a private and retired place; for you know that young ladies cannot take too much care of their reputation.

Patricio, whose sentiments of generosity and politeness, banished all thought of his poverty, carried his princesses to a tavern in the suburbs, where he immediately called for breakfast. What will you please to have, replied the landlord? I have the remains of a sumptuous feast which was given at my house yesterday; crammed fowls, Leon partridges, pigeons of Old Castile, and above one half of a Bayonne ham. There is more than we have occasion for, says the conductor of these vestals. Ladies, call for what you like, what do you choose? They answered, that whatever was agreeable to him would be so to them. Upon which he ordered two partridges, and two cold chickens; and desired them to show a private room, as he was in company with ladies of honour, who stood upon punctilios of delicacy.

They shewed them accordingly into a private apartment, and in a moment brought

brought what he had ordered, with bread and wine: these ladies of honour, who were sharp set, began immediately to devour the victuals, while the cully who was to pay the reckoning, employed his time in gazing at Luifita, for that was the name of the lady he was enamoured with. He was ravished with the whiteness of her hand, on which sparkled a fine ring she had got in the course of her business. He bestowed upon her all the fine names he could think of, such as angel and goddess; and could not eat a bit, so much was he delighted with being in company with this fine lady. He asked his goddess whether she was married, who answered him she was not, but was under the direction of a brother; if she had told him it was a brother by the family of Adam, she would have told him the truth, but she did not think proper to let him into that secret.

In the mean time these two harpies not only devoured each her chicken, but drank in proportion; so that the wine was out. This gallant went himself to fetch a reinforcement, that he might have it more quickly; and was no sooner gone out of the room, but Jacintha, the companion of Luifita, laid her claws upon the two partridges

UPON CRUTCHES. 185

tridges that remained, and crammed them into a great pouch which she had under her petticoat. Our Adonis returned with his wine, and observing that all the victuals were gone, he asked his Venus if she did not chuse something else. Let them bring us, says she, some of those pigeons the landlord spoke of, if they are extremely nice; if not, a slice of the ham will suffice. She had scarce spoke these words, when Patricio went out to look after the provisions, and ordered three pigeons, with a large plate of ham. These birds of prey began to devour afresh; and while this simpleton of a tradesman was gone a third time to call for more bread, they sent two of the pigeons down to the great pouch to keep company with the partridges.

After this repast, which ended with such fruits as were then in season, the amorous Patricio pressed Luisita to shew him those marks of gratitude he expected from her. The lady refused to comply with his desires, but did not leave him without hopes, telling him there was a time for every thing; and that a tavern was not a proper place for her to shew her gratitude for his politeness. Hearing the clock strike one, she put on an air of uneasiness, and said, my dear

dear Jacintha, how unlucky we are, we shan't, I am afraid, find places to see the bull-fighting. O! I beg your pardon for that, replied Jacintha, the gentleman has nothing to do but to bring us back to the place where he so politely accosted us, and you need be in no pain for the rest.

But before they went out of the tavern, there was a necessity of settling accounts with the landlord, who made the bill amount to fifty reals. Patricio took out his purse, but finding there only thirty, was obliged to leave his rosary in pawn for the rest. Afterwards he reconducted these Lucretias to the place where he had found them, and got them convenient places upon the scaffold, for which the proprietor, who was his acquaintance, gave him credit.

No sooner were they set down, but they began to ask for refreshments. Jesus, cries one of them, I am ready to choak with thirst; this ham has quite parched me up; and I myself, said the other, should be very glad of some lemonade. Patricio, who understood quite well what all this meant, left them to go and get something for them to drink; but stopped in the way, and
spoke

spoke thus to himself: fool that I am, wheream I going? would not any man imagine I had at least a hundred pistoles in my purse or at home, and in the mean time I am not worth a farthing in the world? But what shall I do? if I return to the ladies without bringing them what they asked for, I shall look mean and pitiful; and on the other hand, to give up an affair which wears so promising an aspect, is what I cannot bear the thoughts of.

While he was in this perplexity, he spied amongst the crowd one of his friends, who had often made him tenders of service, which his pride had hitherto prevented him from accepting: but upon this occasion he lost all sense of delicacy, and coming up to his friend with great eagerness, borrowed a double pistole; upon which resuming fresh courage, he immediately ran to a place where these things were sold, and bought such a quantity of liquors in ice, so many biscuits and dried sweet-meats, that the doubloon was hardly enough to pay for them.

The bull-feast ended with the day, and Patricio went to conduct his lady home, in hopes of having his wishes crowned
with

with success. But as soon as he came to the door where she told him she lived, there came out a kind of servant-maid, who running up to Luisita, spoke to her with great seeming confusion; what a time is this for you to come home? you brother Don Jasper Heridor has been waiting for you above these two hours, and swearing like a devil. Upon which the lady pretending to be greatly frightened, turned round to her gallant, and squeezing his hand, whispered him softly, my brother is most terribly passionate, but his anger is soon over; do you wait in the street, we'll go and pacify him; and as he sups every night in the city, as soon as he goes out, Jacintha shall come and tell you, and conduct you into the house.

Patricio, who was greatly comforted by this assurance, kissed with transport the hand of Luisita, who bestowing some marks of kindness upon him by way of *bonne bouche*, entered into the house along with Jacintha and the servant-maid, whilst he took his stand in the street, fortifying himself with patience. He sat down upon a bench about two doors off, and staid a considerable time, without suspecting they had any design to put a trick upon him.

The

UPON CRUTCHES. 189

The only thing that disturbed him was, that he did not see that cursed fellow Don Jasper Heridor her brother come out of the house; and was in a mortal fright, lest perhaps he might not sup in the city that evening.

Whilst he was thus employed in these reflections, he heard the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve: at last, he began to have some doubts and suspicions of his lady's integrity. Upon this he went to the door, and after having entered, groped his way through a dark entry, in the middle of which he found a stair-case. He did not venture to go up, but listened attentively, where his ears were saluted with a concert, composed of the barking of a dog, the mewling of a cat, and the squalling of an infant. He was at last of opinion that he was duped; and what confirms him in it is, that having endeavoured to find the bottom of this dark passage, he found it to be a thorough-fare, and himself in another street than that in which he had so long done duty as a centinel.

He then began to regret the loss of his money, and returned to his lodgings, wishing all pink-coloured stockings at the devil.

devil. He knocked at his door; and his wife with her beads in her hand and tears in her eyes, came to open it; and with a tender and pious voice, said, ah! Patricio, how can you thus leave your house, and take so little care of your helpless wife and infants? what have you been doing since six o'clock this morning that you went abroad? The husband not knowing what answer to make to this address, and at the same time vexed within himself for having been the dupe of these two harlots, pulled off his cloaths and went to bed, without saying one word: and his wife, who is at present in the humour of moralizing, has read a lecture which has lulled him to sleep this instant.

Cast your eyes, continued Asmodeus, upon the great house just by that of the cavalier, who has been writing to his friends his adventure with master Ambrosio's mistress. Don't you observe there a young lady lying in a bed of crimson-fattin embroidered with gold? I see, replied Don Cleofas, a person who is asleep; and perceive at the same time a book upon the pillow. Just so, replied the demon; this lady is a young countess of great wit, and a most sprightly humour, who being
troubled

UPON CRUTCHES. 191.

troubled with want of sleep for about six days past, has just now sent for one of the gravest physicians of all the faculty. When he was come, and she had asked his advice, he ordered her a medicine, which he told her was recommended by Hippocrates. The lady began to be merry upon this prescription; but the physician, whose genius was no ways turned to pleasantry, did not relish her mirth; and told her with a solemn and doct'ral gravity, Madam, Hippocrates is not a man to be turned into ridicule. O! Signior Doctor, replied the countess with a serious air, I have no intention to ridicule so learned and so celebrated an author; on the contrary, I have so great an opinion of him, that I am persuaded if I should look into his works, I should be cured of my present complaint. I have in my library a new translation of him by the learned Azero, which they say is the best. You'll hardly believe, continued Asmodeus, what an effect reading sometimes has. The lady had hardly got to the third page, when she fell into a profound sleep.

There is in the stables of the same hotel a poor lame soldier, whom the grooms out of charity, allow to lie upon the straw.

In

In the day time he begs, and has lately had a pleasant enough conversation with another beggar, who takes his post near to Buen-Retiro, in the high road that leads to the palace, and manages his affairs extremely well; for he lives at his ease, and has a daughter marriageable, who passes amongst the beggars for a rich heiress. The soldier accosting this farthing monger one day, said to him, Signior Mendigo, I have lost my right arm; and, as I can serve the king no longer, find myself reduced like you, to pay my respects to strangers, in order to get a subsistence. I know that it is of all trades that which a man is surest to get his bread by, and all other necessaries, only it is not quite so honourable. Were it honourable, replied the other, it would be a trade not worth following; for every one would take it up.

You are in the right, said the soldier; and now I think on it, as I am of the same calling with you, I should be glad to be allied to you. Give me your daughter, I'll marry her. You don't think of what you say, replied the other; my daughter must have a better match. You are not yet sufficiently docked to be my son-in-law. I must

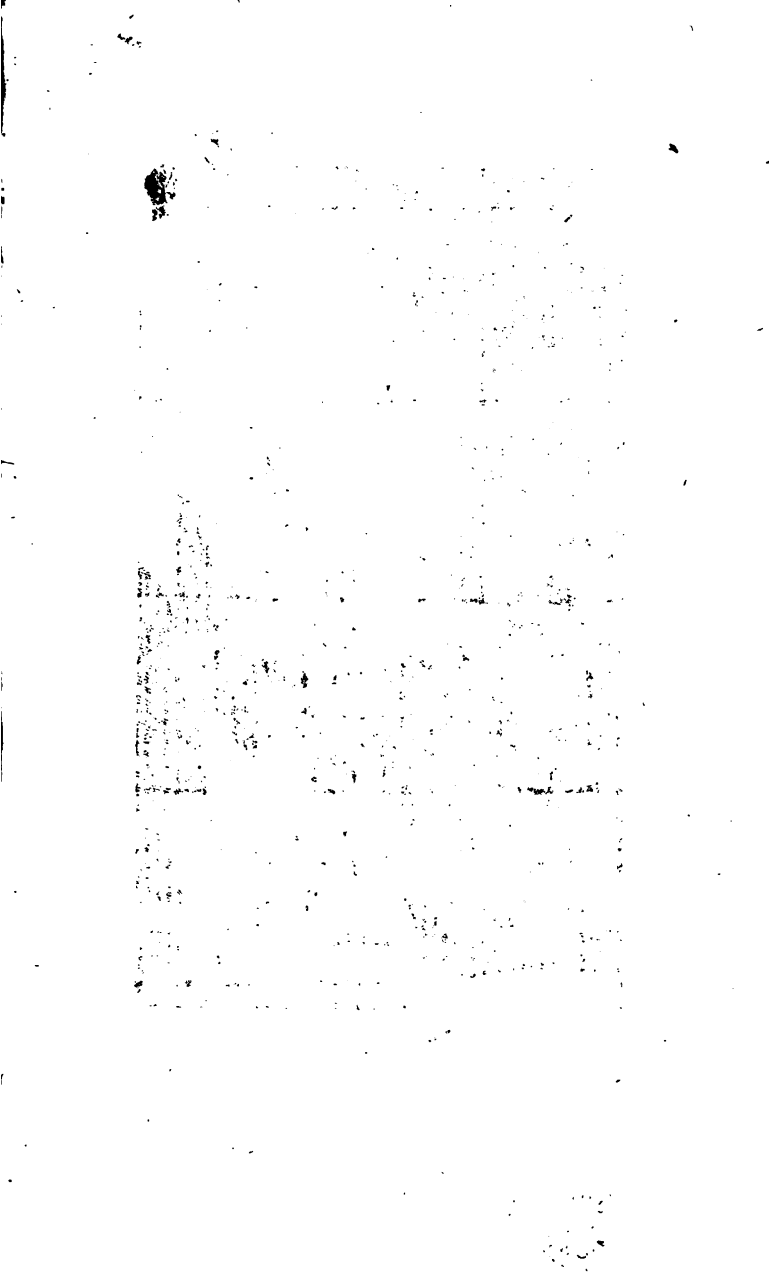
must have a husband for her, that will create pity even in the breast of an usurer. What the devil, replied the soldier, am not I in a situation deplorable enough? For shame, replied the other angrily, you, who have only lost an arm, pretend to my daughter! I would have you to know, that I have refused her to a man who has hardly any remainder left of his backside.

I should be in the wrong, continued the demon, to pass by this house, which joins that of the countess; and where there lives an old drunken painter and a satyric poet. The painter went out this morning at seven o'clock to fetch a confessor to his wife, who lay at the point of death; but meeting with one of his friends, who took him into a tavern, he did not return till ten o'clock at night. The poet, who, as fame reports, has often met with a sorrowful recompence for his satyric verses, speaking t'other day in a coffee-house of a man who was not there, said, with a fierce look, that fellow is a scoundrel, and if I could meet with him, I would give him an hundred kicks on the breach. That you may very well afford to do, replied a wag, for you won't then be out of his debt.

I must not neglect telling you the story of a banker in this street, who is newly set up in town. It is not above three months since he came home from Peru with great riches. His father is an honest cobbler of Vieso de Mediana, a considerable village near the mountains of Sierra d'Avila, where he lived in great contentment with his wife, a woman of the same age with himself, that is, about sixty years old.

It was now a long time since their son was gone from them to the Indies, to seek a better fortune than they were able to give him. They had not seen him for above twenty years, but they often spoke of him, and every day sent up their prayers to heaven for his preservation; nor did they fail to have him remembered to God duly every Sunday by the curate, who was their intimate friend. The banker, on his part, did not forget the old people; as soon as he came home, and had settled his affairs, he resolved to inform himself in person of what situation they were in. For this purpose, after having told his servants not to be in any pain for him, he set out about a fortnight ago on horseback without any one to attend him, and came to the place of his nativity.

It





UPON CRUTCHES. 195

It was about ten o'clock at night when he arrived, and the honest cobbler was fast asleep with his wife, when he was obliged to get up in a hurry at the noise which the banker made rapping at the door of their small cottage: they asked who was there? Open, open, replied the other, it is your son Francillo. Your tricks upon strangers, cried the cobbler, march on, you'll find nothing here worth your while to break into the house for. Francillo is now either in the Indies or dead. Your son is not in the Indies, replied the banker, he is returned from Peru, and now speaks to you; do not refuse to let him into your house. Let us get up, Jacobo, said the wife, it is Francillo; I think I know his voice.

They both got up in a great hurry; the father lighted a rush candle, and the mother putting on her cloaths with all expedition, went and opened the door. She looked upon Francillo, and recollecting him, cast her arms round his neck, and locked him in her embrace. The good old cobbler, who felt no less the emotions of tenderness than his wife, embraced Francillo in his turn; and these three people, so overjoyed to find themselves together

again after so long an absence, expressed their mutual satisfaction every way they possibly could.

After these agreeable transports of tenderness were over, the banker unbridled his horse, and put him into a stable, where there was a cow that was a nursing-mother to the whole house. Then he gave an account to his parents of the success of his voyage, and of the riches he brought from Peru. The relation was indeed very circumstantial, and would have tired the patience of any other auditors; but when a son launches forth into a particular recital of his adventures, he is in no danger of tiring a father and a mother. The most minute circumstance has to them something interesting; and these old people heard with the greatest eagerness of attention every particular circumstance, and felt the alternate impressions of joy or sorrow, according to the different changes of his fortune.

As soon as he made an end of his own story, he told them he had come to share his fortune with them; and therefore begged his father would not work any more. Hold, child, said master Jacobo,
I love

UPON CRUTCHES. 197

I love my trade; and will not leave it off. What, says the banker, is it not time you should now find rest in your old age? I do not propose you should come and live at Madrid with me; I know very well the town would not be agreeable to you, and therefore would not disturb the quiet and tranquillity of your life: what I want is, that you should give over a painful and laborious occupation; and as it is now in your power, live here at ease.

The wife joined in the remonstrances of her son, and master Jacobo was at last prevailed upon. Well, Francillo, said the old man, to please you, I will work no more for the people of the town in general; but you must take this along with you, that I will always mend my own shoes and the curate's, who is our intimate friend. After affairs were so compromised, the banker ate a couple of eggs his mother had boiled for him, and lay down to sleep by his father, with a pleasure none can have an idea of, but such as have felt the tender workings of filial piety and affection.

Next morning Francillo returned to Madrid, after having left them a purse of three

hundred pistoles ; but was not a little surprised this morning to see the old man appear before him. What occasions your coming here, said he to him ? Son, answered master Jacobo, I have brought you the purse of gold you left with us, take back your money ; I am determined to stick by my trade, for I have not known what to do with myself since I left off working. Well, says Francillo, since it must be so, go back to your own village, and continue your trade, but let it be only to amuse you ; take your own purse with you, and do not spare mine. But what would you have me do with so much money ? said master Jacobo. Do with it ! replied his son ; relieve your distressed neighbours, and put it to such uses as your good friend the curate shall advise you. The honest cobbler was satisfied with this expedient, and is now returned to Mediana.

Don Cleofas listened to this account with infinite pleasure ; and would have bestowed all the praises that were due to the honest good hearted banker, if he had not been interrupted by the noise of some piercing shrieks he heard just by. Signior Asmodeus, says he, what horrible noise is this

UPON CRUTCHES. 199

this I hear? It proceeds, replied the demon, from a place that is appointed for the reception of people that are mad, and who are now stretching their throats and lungs in singing and bawling; we are hard by the house. Let us go and see them immediately, said Zambullo. With all my heart, answers the demon; I'll give you this entertainment, and tell you the different reasons that deprived them of their senses. As soon as he had spoke these words, he carried Don Cleofas to the Casa de los Locos.

C H A P. IX.

Of the bedlamites.

Zambullo cast his eyes over all the different apartments; and after he had observed all the mad people, men and women which they contained, Asmodeus said, you see of them here of all sorts, one sex as well as the other; merry and sad, young and old. I must now acquaint you with what occasioned their going mad. We will go over the apartments separately, and begin with the men.

The first man whom you see is of New Castille, born in the very heart of Madrid, a flaming patriot, more jealous of the honour of his country than an old Roman. He turned mad from indignation, at reading in the news papers that five and twenty Spaniards had been beaten by five hundred Portuguese.

He has for his neighbour a young clergyman, who pants so eagerly after a living, that he has been cringing at court for these ten years; and seeing himself always forgot, the disappointment has affected his brain. But this disaster has procured him what his most sanguine hopes could never expect, the archbishoprick of Toledo; for though indeed he is not archbishop, yet he thinks himself so, and in my opinion is much more happy than if he was; for this pleasing dream will last him as long as he lives, and he will not in the other world be obliged to give an account of the use he has made of his income.

The next is a young heir, whose guardian has given him out to be lunatick, that he may for ever have the management of his estate; and the young man has really lost the use of his senses by being thus

thus confined. Next to the minor behold that venerable personage, with a turret of woollen night-caps; he is an ancient schoolmaster, who has cracked his brain in researches after the *paulo post futurum* of a Greek verb: and the other is a merchant, who has not been able to stand the shock of losing a ship in a late storm, though in the former part of his life he had resolution enough patiently to submit to two statutes of bankruptcy.

He whom you see lying in the next apartment, is old captain Zanubio, a Neapolitan gentleman, who came to live at Madrid; a fit of jealousy has reduced him to the state you now see him in. He was married to a young lady, named Aurora, whom he kept from the sight of every human creature. His house was inaccessible to the male sex. Aurora never went out but to church, and then was always attended with her old Tithonus, who carried her sometimes to a country-house he had near Alcantara. A young gentleman called Don Garcia Pacheco had by chance seen her at church, and fell desperately in love with her. He was a young man of an enterprising genius, and extremely well calculated to attract

the regard of a young lady unequally coupled.

The difficulty that attended the access to Zanubio's house did not discourage him. As he had not yet a beard, and was very smooth-faced, he disguised himself in women's cloaths, took a purse of an hundred pistoles, and went immediately to the captain's country-house, where he knew he was to come along with his spouse; there addressing himself to the gardener's wife, as if he had been a lady pursued by a giant, My good mother, said he, I fly to you for protection. For the love of God take pity on me, I am a young lady of Toledo of birth and fortune, whom my parents would marry to a man I hate; this night I have made my escape from their tyranny, in order to find an asylum; and I think I cannot be safer any where than here: allow me to stay with you, till such time as my parents come to other resolutions concerning me. There is my purse, continued he, take that, which is all I can at present offer you, but hope the day will come, when I shall have it in my power to shew my gratitude more amply for the services you do me.

The

The gardener's wife, who was a good-natured woman, was mightily moved with the conclusion of this discourse: Child, said she, I will do you all the service I can. Well do I know the deplorable situation of young ladies who are married to old husbands; alas, poor creatures, how they gnaw the sheets, my heart bleeds for them; and upon such an occasion you could never apply to a fitter person than me. I'll put you into a private room, where no one shall know any thing about you.

Don Garcia was here some days extremely impatient for the arrival of Aurora. She at last came, attended by her old Argus; who, according to his usual custom, rummaged all the rooms, closets, cellars, and garrets, to see that no secret enemy lurked any where about his house. The gardener's wife, who knew him well, prevented the consequence of any discovery, by telling him in what manner a young lady had fled to her house for refuge.

Notwithstanding Zanubio's natural jealousy, he had no suspicion of any deceit here. He was only curious to see the unknown lady, who begged him not to insist upon knowing her name, as that was a de-

gency she ought to preserve in regard to her family, which in some measure she had dishonoured by her escape. Then he told him a long story, with a great deal of art, with which the captain was charmed: he found an inclination grow upon him for this amiable person, to whom he offered his best services; and imagining that his civility to her would be requited one way or other, brought her to his wife.

As soon as Aurora saw Don Garcia she blushed, and was in confusion without knowing why. He perceived this, and imagined she had observed him in the church where he had first seen her: to be satisfied on this head, as soon as he had an opportunity of speaking to her in private, he said to her, Madam, I have a brother who has often spoke to me of you; he once had an opportunity of seeing you at church for a moment; and since that moment which he calls to mind every day, he remains in a situation that deserves your pity.

At this discourse Aurora looking upon Don Garcia more attentively than she had done before, answered him, Sir, you resemble that brother too much for me to be

be the dupe of such an artifice; and I plainly see you are a man in disguise.

I remember very well one day that I was hearing mass, my veil dropped and you had a sight of me. I looked at you out of curiosity, and observed you kept your eyes upon me; and when I went out of church, I believe you did not fail to follow me, in order to learn who I was, and in what street I lived. I say I believe, because I durst not look back to observe you; for my husband, who was with me, would have taken notice of such a thing, and looked upon it as criminal. The next day, and some days after, I went to the same church, and observed your face so well, that I now recollect your features, notwithstanding your disguise.

Well, madam, then I must pull off the mask, replied Don Garcia; yes I am a man, and one who is captivated by your beauty: I am Don Garcia Pacheco, whom love has brought here under this disguise. And you imagine, no doubt, replied she, that I will approve of your extravagant passion, and by conniving at this stratagem, join with you in deceiving my husband. But in this supposition you are mistaken, for

for I'll go immediately and discover the whole affair to him; my honour and my peace depend upon it. Besides, I am glad of such an excellent opportunity to convince him that he has less security in his own vigilance than in my virtue; and that notwithstanding he is so jealous and so suspicious, I am less capable of being deceived than he.

Scarce had she pronounced these words when the captain came into the room and joined the conversation; well ladies, said he, what is the subject of your discourse? Why sir, replied Aurora, we were talking of gentlemen making attempts upon the virtue of young wives that were married to old husbands; and I was a saying, that if any of these sparks should have the boldness to come about your house, I should know how to deal with him as he deserved.

And you, madam, answered Zanubio, turning to Don Garcia, what do you think of this matter, how would you deal with a young gentleman in such a case? Don Garcia was so confounded and so much out of countenance, that he could make no answer; and the old captain must certainly have perceived his confusion, if a
servant

servant had not that instant come in to let him know that one from Madrid wanted to speak with him, upon which he went out to know what was the business.

The moment he was gone, Don Garcia threw himself at the feet of Aurora: ah! madam, said he, what pleasure can you take in thus tormenting me? sure you will not be so barbarous as to deliver me up to the fury of an injured husband? No, Pacheco, replied she smiling, young wives, who have old jealous husbands, are not usually so hard hearted. Take courage, I had only a mind to divert myself a little, by putting you into a breathing sweat; but I'll make you amends for it; you must not think that too dear a price to pay for the favour I allow you of staying here. At these words of consolation, Don Garcia's fears vanished; he even conceived great hopes of success, and the kind Aurora did not baulk his expectations.

It happened one day while they were giving one another reciprocal marks of affection and esteem in Zanubio's apartment, the captain surprised them. Though he had been a man not naturally jealous, he saw enough to convince him that the fair

fair unknown belyed her sex. At the sight of this he became mad with rage, and ran to his closet to fetch his pistols; but in the mean while the lovers made their escape. They double locked the doors of the apartment behind them, carried off the keys, and got with all speed to a neighbouring village, where Don Garcia's servant waited with a couple of good horses; there putting off his woman's dress, he took Aurora behind him, and carried her to a convent, of which an aunt of hers was lady abbess. After which precaution, he returned to Madrid, and there waited the issue of this adventure.

In the mean time, Zanubio finding himself locked in, bawled out and called up his servants. One of them upon hearing his voice, ran up stairs; but as the doors were locked, could not get in. The captain endeavoured to break them open; but not being able to effect that so soon as he wished, in the fury of his impatience, threw himself out of the window with his pistols in his hand: he pitched upon his head, and was so terribly hurt, that he lay stretched upon the ground quite stunned. The servants came, and taking him up, carried him into the hall and laid him
upon

upon a couch; when by throwing water into his face, and using other methods, they recovered him from his swoon; but he no sooner came to himself, than his rage returned with as much violence as ever. He asked where was his wife? They told him she was gone with the strange lady through the little garden-gate; upon which he ordered them to bring him his pistols, and they were obliged to obey. He caused his horse to be got ready, and without reflecting that he was wounded, immediately rode off by a different road from what the others had taken. He passed a whole day to no purpose in looking after them; and at last being obliged to stop at an inn to rest himself, the fatigue and his wound brought upon him a fever with a delirium; which had well nigh carried him off.

To make short of the story, he continued in that condition at the inn for a fortnight, and after that returned to his country-seat, where his imagination being continually racked with reflections upon his misfortune, he at last by degrees lost the use of his reason. The relations of Aurora had no sooner got intelligence of this, than they had him brought to Madrid,
and

and shut up in the place appointed for mad people. As for the lady she is as yet in the convent; and they intend she shall remain there some years as a punishment for her indiscretion, or rather misconduct, for which they may thank themselves.

After Zanubio, continues the demon, comes Signior Don Blas Desdichado, a cavalier of distinguished merit. The death of his wife has brought him to that deplorable situation in which you now behold him. God bless me, cries Don Cleofas! what! a husband run mad at the death of his wife! one seldom finds such an exalted instance of conjugal affection. Don't be in such a hurry, replied Asmodeus, interrupting him, the man did not lose his senses out of grief for the loss of his wife; what disturbed his skull was, that as she died without children, he was obliged by a clause in the marriage contract, to refund fifty thousand ducats to her relations.

Oh, that explanation clears the matter up, cries Leandro, I am not at all surprised at his being in this condition. But tell me, pray, who is this young man that skips like a kid in the next room, and every moment stops, holding his sides and ready to burst

burst with laughter? He seems to me to be quite a joyous fellow; why, says Asmodeus, his madness was occasioned by an excess of joy. This fellow was porter to a man of quality, and one day receiving the news of the death of a rich scrivener to whom he was sole heir, he could not stand it; his head whirled round, and he has not recovered the use of his reason ever since.

We are now come to that great tall boy who plays upon the guitar, and accompanies it with his voice. He is melancholy mad, and is a lover, who the cruelty of his mistress has reduced to such a state of despair, that they have been obliged to confine him. Ah! cries the student, how I pity him, I cannot help bewailing the misfortune of his condition: alas, it may be the case of any gentleman. Were I myself in fetters to an unrelenting beauty, I make no doubt but I might undergo the same fate. This shews you a true Castilian, replied the demon; a man must be born in the very heart of Castile to be able to love to such a pitch, as that the frowns of his mistress could endanger the use of his reason. Frenchmen are not affected so tenderly; and to shew you the difference
betwixt

betwixt them and a Spaniard in this point, it will be sufficient to let you hear the song, which this Castilian has been now composing.

A Spanish love-song.

I weep, I sigh, my smart to cure,
Which I from love's sharp dart endure:
But yet not sighs my fires assuage,
Which burn, thus blown, with double rage.

Thus it is a Castilian cavalier complains under the displeasure of his mistress; and the following verses will shew you how a Frenchman behaves himself under the like misfortune.

A French love-song.

The object, which inflames my tender heart,
Despises Cupid, and a lover's smart;
In vain my paleness, languor, gentle sighs,
Would draw soft pity from her cruel eyes:
But since nor pray'rs, nor tears the fair can move,
I'll end my life, to end the pains of love.
Friendship will decently attend the dead,
Let me be buried at the Bedford-head*.

This Bedford-head is, I suppose, a tavern, said Don Cleofas. Indeed it is, re-

* In the original *Paien*, a noted *traiteur* of Paris:
plied

plied the demon, and a very good one. Let us proceed to examine the rest. We'll now take a view of the women, replied Leandro, I am impatient to see them. That we shall do immediately, replies the demon; but there are two or three unhappy people I want to shew you first, as you may perhaps reap some advantage from the knowledge of their misfortunes.

Observe in the cell adjoining to that of the player on the guittar, the meager, sepulchre-countenance of that man who grinds his teeth, and seems as if he could eat the very iron bars of his window. He's an honest man, but born under such unfortunate stars, that although he had all the merit in the world, and was at all imaginable pains, he was never able to assure himself of daily bread; he went mad upon seeing a low worthless fellow, whom he knew, mount in one day to the highest pinnacle of fortune.

The next to him is an old secretary, whose brain was cracked because he could not support the ingratitude of a courtier, in whose service he had been for sixty years. One can hardly enough commend
the

the zeal and fidelity of this servant, who never demanded any thing, and contented himself with barely mentioning his services and assiduity ; but his master, who was not a man like Archelaus king of Macedon, who refused when he was asked, and gave when he was not, has died without considering him in the least : he has only left him what was due to him for wages, and this poor man must remain shut up in this place, and pass the remainder of his life in misery.

I shall shew you but one more, and that is he whom you see leaning on his elbows at the window, and appears to be in a profound reverie. This is no other than Signior Hidalgo da Tafalla ; he came to live at Madrid, where he made a rare use of his fortune ; he was seized with a frantick itch of being acquainted with all the wits of the town, and treating them. There was nothing at his house but entertainments and feasting every day. And though these ungrateful and ungenerous animals, the race of authors, laughed in his face at the time they were spunging upon him ; yet he could not be satisfied till he had got them to eat up the last remains of his small fortune. Then no doubt,

doubt, said Zambullo, he has gone mad from vexation, at his having so foolishly ruined himself. Quite the contrary, says Asmodeus, he went mad because he had not left wherewithal to go on in the same manner.

Now we come, continued he, to the women. How is this? cried the student, I see but seven or eight of them, there are fewer mad women then I supposed. They are not all here, replied the demon smiling. If you have a mind I'll bring you immediately to a part of the town, where you shall see a house quite full of them. There is no occasion for that, replied Don Cleofas, I'll satisfy myself with these that are here. You are in the right, said the demon, for they are almost all of them ladies of quality; you may judge by the richness of their linnen that they are not persons of common rank, and I will give you an account of the reasons why they are here.

In this first apartment is the wife of a corregidor, whom a lady belonging to the court called a cit, which had so great an effect upon her mind, that she was not herself ever after. In the second apartment

ment is the lady of the treasurer-general of the council of the Indies ; her madness was occasioned by the vexation she felt at being obliged in a narrow street to make her coach go back to give way to the dutchess of Medina Celi's. In the third resides a young widow, who was the daughter of a citizen, and whose brain is turned from being disappointed in an expected match with a young nobleman. And in the fourth apartment dwells a young lady of quality called Donna Beatrix, whose story I must acquaint you with.

This lady had a she friend whose name was Donna Mencia : they visited one another every day. A chevalier of the order of St. Jago, a personable and polite gentleman having got acquainted with them, they very soon became rivals of each other, and warmly disputed the possession of the chevalier's heart, which decided in favour of Donna Mencia, whom he soon after married.

Donna Beatrix, jealous of the power of her charms, was touched to the quick with this, which she conceived as an affront put upon her beauty, and like a true Spaniard,

Spaniard, was projecting schemes of revenge when she received a letter from Don Jacintho de Romarate, who was in love with Donna Mencia; in which letter he acquainted her, that he, being likewise affronted at the marriage of his mistress, had determined to fight the gentleman who had taken her from him.

This letter was extremely agreeable to Beatrix, who desiring nothing more than the death of the offender, wished only that Don Jacintho might kill his rival. While she was in pious expectations of this event, it happened that her own brother having some difference with Don Jacintho, fought him and received two wounds of which he died. Though it was the duty of Donna Beatrix to prosecute the murderer of her brother, she delayed the prosecution, to give Don Jacintho time to fight the chevalier of St. Jago. This is a convincing proof that nothing interests a woman so much as the reputation of her beauty. This was the case with Pallas * in the affair of Ajax and

* When Troy was sacked by the Greeks, Ajax the son of Oileus, ravished Cassandra, Priam's daughter
VOL. I. L

and Cassandra. The goddess did not immediately punish the sacrilegious Greek who had profaned her temple, but waited till he should first revenge her cause for the judgment of Paris. But, alas! poor Donna Beatrix was not so lucky in this case as Minerva, for she has not tasted the sweets of revenge. Romarate was killed in the duel with the chevalier; and the vexation which this lady felt at not having her project of revenge accomplished, has turned her brain.

The two next ladies are, one of them the grandmother of a counsellor, who by her misconduct spent too much of his estate, and he has found ways and means

daughter, and virgin priestess of Minerva, in the very temple of the goddess, *Ecce trahebatur*, &c. Virg. *Æn.* lib. 2. And, for this offence, was on his return home, destroyed with his fleet and companions, as we are told likewise by Virgil in his first book, *Ipsa, Jovis rapidum*, &c. But this instance of the female prudence and finesse of Minerva, in suspending her resentment till she had made use of him to revenge an affront received from another, has, I believe, escaped the observation of the commentators, and therefore the honour of it is justly due to the quick and ingenious conceptions of our author.

to get her in here, in order to be rid of her. And the other is an old marchioness, who having always idolized her own beauty, instead of growing old with a good grace, bewailed without ceasing the decay of her charms, till at last one day viewing herself attentively in a faithful mirror, her head gave way all at once.

So much the better, cried Leandro, for my lady marchioness; perhaps in this disorder of her mind, she is not so sensible of the change that time has made in her beauty. Assuredly not, replied the demon: so far is she from observing the approaches of age upon her face, that she thinks her complexion a mixture of lillies and roses; she fancies she sees the loves and the graces sporting around her; and in a word, believes herself to be actually the goddess Venus. Well, replied the scholar, and is she not more happy in thus fancying herself to be what she is not, than in seeing herself such as she really is? No doubt of it, replied Asmodeus. But there is one lady more whom you must observe. She that is in the furthestmost apartment, who is now gone to rest, after having been three days and three nights without one wink of sleep. Her name is Donna E-

merenciana, observe her attentively. What do you think of her? I think her extremely pretty, replied Zambullo. What a pity it is such a charming creature should be deprived of her reason. Listen to me with attention, answered the demon, and I'll inform you of the particulars relating to her misfortune.

Donna Emerenciana, the only child of Guillim Stephani, lived happily at Siguenca in the house of her father, till Don Kimen de Lizana interrupted her quiet with his addreses of gallantry, by which he endeavoured to gain her affections. She not only received these marks of gallantry favourably, but even connived at those stratagems he made use of to procure means to speak to her, and in a short time after, they mutually exchanged vows of fidelity to each other.

These two lovers were of equal rank in regard to their families, but the lady was one of the best fortunes in Spain, and Don Kimen only a younger brother. But there was yet a greater obstacle to their union, for Don Guillem mortally hated the family of Lizana; which he evidently made appear in all his discourse, when-
ever

ever that family happened to be mentioned; and he seemed to have a particular aversion to Don Kimen above any of his race. Emerenciana was greatly afflicted at this disposition of her father, and conceived from it no favourable preface to her love. However she gave herself up without restriction to the violence of her inclinations, and continued her secret interviews with Lizana, who came into her apartment from time to time in the dead of the night by means of a waiting-woman.

It happened one of these nights that Don Guillem, who by chance had not gone to sleep when the gallant came into his house, imagined he heard some noise in his daughter's apartment, which was not far from his own. This was more than enough to create suspicion in a man so distrustful as he. Notwithstanding his suspicious temper, Emerenciana had behaved with so much prudence and address, that he had no notion of any correspondence between her and Don Kimen. But being a man who was not naturally apt to take things upon trust, he slipped softly out of bed, and opened a window which looked into the street, where he had the

patience to wait till he saw a man come down from the balcony upon a silk ladder, whom by the light of the moon, he knew to be Don Kimen de Lizana.

You will better be able to judge how Stephani was affected at this sight, when I tell you he was the most revengeful, the most brutal monster that ever Sicily, the country of his nativity, had produced. He did not give way to the transports of his passion, but took care not to do any thing by which the principal object of his revenge might escape the fury of his resentment. He check'd his rage, and waiting till his daughter was up in the morning, entered her apartment; where being all alone with her, and looking upon her with eyes sparkling with fury and indignation, Wretch, said he, who in defiance of the nobleness of your blood and family, are not ashamed to commit the most infamous actions; prepare to receive the just punishment of your crimes. This poignard, added he, drawing a poignard from his bosom, this poignard shall be the immediate instrument of your death, if you do not without reserve make a confession of every circumstance. Who is he that has this night dishonoured my house?

Eme-

Emerenciana remained quite speechless, so frightened was she at the threats of her father that she could not utter one word. Ah ! infamous wretch, continued he, your silence and confusion but too plainly inform me of your crime. What dost thou imagine I am ignorant of what has happened this night ? I saw that villain Don Kimen come down from your balcony ; was it not enough that you received a man into your apartment in the night-time, but must that man too be the person who is my avowed and declared enemy ! let me know, however, to what lengths this insult upon my honour has been carried. Speak without reserve, for by that alone you can expect to avoid instant death.

The young lady at these last words, conceiving some hopes of escaping the dreadful fate that threatened her, recovered somewhat from her fright, and answered Don Guillem : Signior, said she, I could not help being sensible to the addresses of Lizana, but I take heaven to witness of the purity of his intentions. As he knows that you are at enmity with his family, he has not yet dared to ask your consent ; and it was only to confer

together upon the proper methods how to obtain it, that I allowed him some times to come here. Who was it, replied Stephani, you employed to manage this correspondence, and be the carrier of your letters? One of your pages, replied his daughter, does us that piece of service. That's all I wanted to know, replied her father, and I will presently put in execution the scheme I have formed: upon which with the dagger still in his hand, he made her take pen, ink, and paper, and write the following billet to her lover, which he himself dictated:

‘ My dear husband, the only joy of my
‘ life, I send this to acquaint you that my
‘ father is immediately going to his coun-
‘ try-house, from which he will not re-
‘ turn till to-morrow, that you may make
‘ use of the opportunity, I flatter myself
‘ you will expect night as impatiently as
‘ I do.’

After Emerenciana had writ and sealed this treacherous letter, Don Guillem said to her, call the page who acquits himself so dexterously in his employment, and order him to go instantly with this note to Don Kimen: but hark ye, don't think to de-

deceive me ; I'll go and conceal myself in a place where I can see you when you deliver him this commission, and if I do but observe that you speak a single word, or make but the least signal that may create any suspicion, I'll that instant dip this poignard in your heart's blood. Emerenciana, who knew her father too well to venture upon disobeying him, delivered the letter into the hands of the page in the same manner she had used to do.

After this, Stephani put up his dagger, but did not allow his daughter to be out of his sight the whole day, nor suffered her to speak to any one in private, and took his measures so well, that Lizana could not be apprised of the snare that was laid for him. This young man therefore did not fail to be punctual to the assignation. Scarce had he got into the house of his mistress, when he found himself seized upon by three stout men, who disarmed him before he could defend himself, crammed a handkerchief into his mouth to hinder him from crying out, muffled up his eyes and tied his hands behind his back. At the same instant they put him, in this condition, into a coach, which was ready for that purpose, and into which they all three

went, that they might be more sure of the cavalier, whom they conducted to Stephani's country house which was situated near the village of Miedes, about four small leagues from Sigüenza.

Don Guillem went immediately after them in another coach, with his daughter, two maids, and a duenna of remarkable crabbed temper, whom he had sent for that afternoon, and hired into his service. He likewise carried along with him all the rest of his family, excepting one old servant who knew nothing of Lizana's being carried off. They came all of them before break of day to the village of Miedes, when the first thing that Signior Stephani took care of, was to have Don Kimen shut up in a dungeon, which received all its light from a vent so narrow, that a man could not pass through it. He then gave orders to his servant Julio, in whom he chiefly trusted, to allow the prisoner for his subsistence only bread and water, with a bundle of straw to lie upon; and to say to him every time he carried him his allowance, 'Here, base deceiver, this is the way Don Guillem treats those who dare to do him wrong.'

This cruel Sicilian behaved in a manner no less brutal towards his daughter. He shut her up in a room which had no prospect, would not allow her any servant to attend her, and set the duenna whom he had pitched upon over her, as her goaler; a duenna, who had no equal for cruelty and barbarity of temper.

In this manner did he dispose of the two lovers, but did not intend to stop here. He determined to have Don Kimen murdered, but was greatly puzzled how he should effect that with impunity. As he had employed his servants in carrying off the cavalier, he could not suppose an action to which so many people were privy, would long remain a secret; he therefore revolved within his mind what expedient he should fall upon to escape the hand of justice, and at last pitched upon one which could only have entered into the mind of the most accomplished villain. He brought all his accomplices together into place detached from the body of the house, where he declared to them how much he was satisfied with the services they had done him; and that as a mark of his gratitude, he intended to distribute a sum of money among them,

L 6. after

after giving them an entertainment : upon which he made them all sit down at table, and in the midst of their feasting, Julio, by his order, poisoned every one of them ; after which the master and the man set fire to the place, and before any of the inhabitants of the village could come to give their assistance, they murdered the two waiting women that belonged to Emerenciana, with the young page I made mention of, and then cast their bodies amongst the others. The place was soon in flames, and reduced to ashes, notwithstanding all that the peasants in the neighbourhood could do to extinguish the fire. It would have been worth while to have seen the affected grimaces of the Sicilian upon that occasion ; he appeared quite inconsolable at the fate of his domestics.

Having in this manner made himself sure of the fidelity of such as might have had it in their power to betray him, he said to his confidant, my dear Julio now am I at ease, and can dispatch Don Kimen when I will ; but before I offer him up a sacrifice to my revenge, I would have the pleasure of making him suffer a little. The misery and horrors of a dungeon may be made more cruel to him than death.---
And

And, indeed, true it was, that Lizana deplored, without ceasing, his misery ; and despairing ever to be freed from the prison he was in, wished for nothing more than that they would dispatch him.

But in vain did Stephani hope for quiet, even after what he had done. In less than three days he began to be tortured with a fresh uneasiness, and to be under strong suspicions lest Julio, as he brought Don Kimen his allowance, should be tempted by his promises ; and the dread of this made him take a resolution of hastening the death of the one, and then to dispatch the other with a pistol : Julio on his part was not without some mistrust, that after his master had got rid of Lizana, he might probably fall a sacrifice next ; upon which he had determined to make his escape the first opportunity, and carry off with him what moveables he most conveniently could.

While these two worthy men were conceiving such designs in regard to one another, it happened one day, that they were furrounded about a hundred paces from the castle, by about fifteen or twenty archers of the holy brotherhood of Hermandad

mandad, crying out in the name of the king and of justice.

At first Don Guillem was confounded and turned pale. However, putting a good face upon the matter, asked the commandant, who it was he wanted ? You yourself, replied the officer, who are accused of having carried away Don Kimen de Lizana ; and I have orders to make a strict search in your house for that gentleman, and at the same time to take you into custody.

Stephani, at this answer of the officer's, not doubting but he was ruined, became desperate. He drew a case of pistols, and swore he would not allow one of them to enter his house, and that he would instantly blow the commandant's brains out, if he did not immediately retire with his men. The other, despising his threat, advanced upon the Sicilian, who discharged a pistol at him and wounded him in the face ; but this wound cost him his life who had given it ; for two or three of the archers let fly at him at once, and laid him quite dead upon the ground, to revenge their commander. As to Julio, he let himself be seized without resistance ;





sistance; and there was no occasion to ask him any questions whether Lizana was in the castle, for he made a full confession of every thing; only as he saw his master lying stone dead, he did not fail to lay the blame of every thing upon him.

At last he brought the commandant and his men to the dungeon, where they found Don Kimen lying upon straw, bound and fettered.

This unhappy gentleman, who was in continual expectation of death, and supposed that so many armed men came into the dungeon only with an intent to murder him, was agreeably surprised to find, that those people he took for his executioners were his deliverers. After they had untied him and set him free, he thanked them for his deliverance, and asked them how they came to know he was confined in that castle? That is what I am going to tell you as briefly as possible, replies the commandant.

The night you was taken away, one of the people concerned in that affair, who had a sweetheart that lived a little way off from Don Guillem's, having gone to
take

take leave of his mistress before he went into the country, was so imprudent as to give her an account of the whole matter. This woman kept the secret for two or three days ; but as the fire that happened at Miedes came to be talked of in the town of Sigüenza, and it appeared strange to every body, that all the servants of Stephani should have perished in the flames, it came into the woman's head, that he himself must have been the author of it ; upon which, in revenge for the death of her lover, she went immediately to your father, Don Felix, and made a discovery to him of every thing she knew.

Your father, terrified at the thoughts of your being in the power of a man, who, he knew would stick at nothing, brought her before the corregidor, who, upon hearing her story, was convinced that the Sicilian intended to make you suffer tedious and cruel torments, and made no doubt but that he himself had set fire to his house on purpose ; and being willing to know the bottom of this affair, he sent orders to me at my house at Retortillo, the place where I live, to get immediately on horseback, and go directly to this house to look for you, and apprehend

UPON CRUTCHES. 233

apprehend Don Guillem dead or alive. I happily executed my commission as to what regards you, and am extremely sorry I have it not in my power, to bring the author of your misfortunes alive to Siguenca; for by his resisting, he put us under a necessity of killing him dead on the spot.

The officer having spoke thus to Don Kimen, said, I must draw up a verbal process in relation to every thing that has been done here; after which we will set out and relieve your family from the anxiety they labour under upon your account.

Wait a little, Signior commandant, cried Julio, I must give you some fresh materials for your verbal process; there is another prisoner here, whom you must likewise set at liberty. Donna Emerenciana is locked up in a dark room, with an unrelenting duenna, who eternally teizes, and upbraids her, without allowing her one moment's quiet.

O heavens! said Lizana, then this barbarous man has not been contented with exercising his cruelty only upon me:
come

come, let us make haste to deliver this poor lady from the barbarity of her jailor. Upon this Julia carried Don Kimen and the commandant, attended by five or six archers, to the room in which she was imprisoned.

It is easy to conceive the joy which he felt in finding again his mistress, after he had despaired of seeing her; his hopes were renewed afresh, nor did he make any doubt but his wishes would be now fully accomplished, as the only person who opposed his happiness was dead. The moment he saw her he ran and cast himself at her feet. But how great was his surprise and disappointment, when, instead of finding his mistress ready to receive his transports, he perceived poor Emerenciana out of her senses! She had been so plagued and tormented by her cursed duenna, that she had turned quite mad.

At first she remained in a kind of reverie; then fancying herself to be the beautiful Angelica, beset by the Tartars, in the forest of Albragua, she imagined all the people she saw in the room to be so many Palatines come to her relief; she took the chief of the holy brotherhood for
Rolando,

Rolando, Lizana for Brandimart, Julio for Hubert of Lion, and the archers for Antifort, Clarion, Adrian, and the two sons of the marquis of Olivier. She received them with great courtesy, and said to them, Gallant cavaliers, I now dread no more the resentment of the emperor Agrican, nor of the queen Marphisa; your prowess is sufficient to protect me against all the warriors of the universe.

At this strange discourse the commandant and his myrmidons burst out into a fit of laughing, but Don Kimen laughed not: to see his dear mistress in such a situation was torture equal to ten thousand daggers to his heart; and he had like to have gone mad himself; but he imagined she would recover the use of her reason, and in that hope came up to her, and taking her in his arms with great fondness, Emerenciana, said he, my dear, recollect yourself, it is I, your own Lizana; be comforted; our misery is now at an end: heaven has taken pity on us, and would not suffer that hearts like ours, so tenderly united in love, should be separated: your inhuman father, who has used us in this manner, has now no longer power over either of us.

The

The answer she made to this was still as if she had been the daughter of the king of Gallafon, and addressed herself again to the valiant defenders of Albraca, who were not now disposed to laugh any more: even the commandant himself, though naturally rugged as a flint, could not help being moved with pity, and spoke compassionately to Don Kimen, whom he saw sinking with excess of grief. Signior cavalier, said he, do not despair; the lady may yet recover; you have able physicians at Siguenca, who may probably effect her cure; but we must be gone, we stay here too long. You, Signior Hubert of Lion, continued he, who know all the studs of this great castle, go, and take along with you Antifort, and the two sons of the marquis of Olivier, order them to get ready the fleetest coursers, and put them immediately to the chariot of the princess. In the mean time I will go and draw up my verbal process.

Upon saying which he took out of his pocket an ink-bottle and some paper; and, after having writ what he intended, gave his hand to Angelica, to help her down stairs into the court-yard, where the Palatines had got a coach and four mules ready
to

to set off, into which he went, along with the lady and Don Kimen, and made the duenna likewise come in, whom he was certain the corregidor would take proper care of. But that was not all, he ordered Julio to be chained, and put in another coach, along with the corps of Don Guillem; after which the archers mounted their horses, and they set out all together on the road for Siguenca.

While they were on their way, the daughter of Stephani said a thousand extravagant things, which were so many stabs to the heart of Lizana; he could not with patience bear the sight of the duenna: barbarous woman, said he, it is you and you alone who have brought Emerenciana to this cruelty extremity. The governorante justified herself with all the grimaces of hypocrisy, and laid the blame of the whole upon the deceased. Her misfortune, said she, is intirely owing to Don Guillem. This cruel unrelenting father came every day and frightened his daughter, and his threats at last turned her brain.

When they came to Siguenca, the commandant went and gave an account of the success of his commission to the corregidor,

dor, who immediately examined Julio and the duenna, and committed them both to prison in this town, where they now remain. The judge likewise received the deposition of Lizana, who immediately after set out for his father's, where his arrival changed the grief of his family into joy and gladness. As to Donna Emerenciana, he took care to have her conducted to Madrid, where she has an uncle by the mother's side.

This affectionate relation, who wanted extremely to have the management of his niece's fortune, was appointed her guardian; and as he could not, with any decency, but appear willing to have her cured, he found himself under a kind of necessity to send for the most famous physicians of Madrid: as it happened, he had no occasion to repent of it, for, after many learned consultations, they at last thought proper to declare her incurable; and the guardian, upon this opinion of the doctor's had her immediately shut up in this place, where, in all probability, she will remain for the rest of her life.

Unhappy pair, cried Don Cleofas, my heart bleeds for them; poor Emerenciana
deserved

UPON CRUTCHES. 239

deserved a better destiny; and pray, added he, what is become of Don Kimen? what course has he taken? A very wise one, says Asmodeus; when he saw the thing was past remedy, he set out for New Spain; and hopes, that by absence and travelling, he may at last efface from his mind the remembrance of a lady whom his interest and his repose require he should forget. But come (continued the demon) after having shewed you those mad people who are shut up here, I will shew you others, who, though not confined, deserve to be so.

CHAP. X.

Of which the subject is inexhaustible.

LET us now go to the other part of the town; and when I observe any that deserve to have places here, I will give you their character. I see one already whom I must take notice of; he is newly married: about eight days ago hearing that a lady of pleasure, whom he was in love with, had taken some liberties he did not approve of, he went to her full of fury, broke some part of her furniture, threw

threw the rest out of the window, and the next day married her.

Why really, says Zambullo, I think that gentleman deserves the next vacant place in this college. There is a neighbour of his, replied the demon, that I do not think a bit wiser than he; he is a batchelor of five and forty, with a sufficient competence to live on, and yet is going to enter into the service of a great lord. O there comes a lawyer's widow: this good lady has seen the last year of her twelfth lustrum; and, as her husband is just dead, she is going to retire into a convent. 'I will do it, says she, to secure the reputation of my virtue from the slander of malicious tongues.'

I perceive here two virgins of the age of fifty; they send up their prayers to God Almighty, that he would be graciously pleased to take to himself their father, who keeps them locked up as if they were girls of fifteen; they are in hopes, that after his death they shall find some handsome cavaliers that may fall in love with them. And why not? said the student; there are men in the world of such a strange taste. I allow it, replied Asmodeus;

UPON CRUTCHES. 241

deus; it is not impossible but they may find husbands, but it is not at all probable; their folly therefore consists in expecting any such thing: though indeed there is not any country in the world where women are willing to do themselves strict justice, in regard to their age.

About a month ago, at Paris, a maid of eight and forty, and a married woman of threescore and nine, went before a justice, to attest the character of a widow of their acquaintance, whose reputation had been slandered: the justice first asked the married woman, what her age was? and though the number of her years was written in expressive wrinkles on her forehead, as plain as in the parish-register, she made no scruple to answer, that she was forty. After which, addressing himself to the maiden lady, and you, mademoiselle, said he, pray what may your age be? I desire your worship would talk of other affairs, said she; these are questions not to be asked people. You don't take the matter right, replied he; you don't consider that the law requires---Pish; there is no law for that, replied the lady briskly; what business has the law to do with enquiring about my age? that is no branch of its

Vol I. M business.

business. But I cannot, replied the magistrate, otherwise receive your deposition; your age must be mentioned in it; it is a circumstance absolutely necessary. If it be absolutely necessary, replied the lady, consider me attentively, and set me down according to the dictates of your own conscience. The justice, who was a polite man, looked at her, and set her down twenty eight. He then asked her, how long she had known this widow? I knew her before she was married, replied the maiden lady. Why then, answered the judge, I must have made some small mistake in your age, mademoiselle; I have set you down but twenty-eight; and it is nine and twenty years since this woman was married. Well, cried the other, then set me down thirty; I may reasonably enough be supposed to have known her when I was a year old. Ay, but that will never do in law; the least we can add is a dozen more. No, indeed but you sha'n't, cried she, all that I will submit to, to satisfy the point of law, is to give you one year more; but I would not add one month more, if my own reputation were at stake.

When these two ladies had given their depositions before the justice, the married
woman

woman said to the maiden, what do you think of that old fool, who took us for such simpletons as to give a true account of our age? for my share I think it too much that it should be wrote in the parish-registers; there is no occasion to make a public record of it in their books, for all the world to look at. Should not we make a pretty appearance, think you, to stand in open court, and the clerk reading aloud, Madam Richard, of the age of threescore, and Miss Parenelle, of the age of forty-five, maketh oath, and each for herself saith, &c. As for my share I laugh at such a thing; I have clipt them off a good even score, and I think you are much to be commended for having done the same. The same, replied miss very smartly; what do you mean by the same? I am your humble servant for that; I am but thirty-five at the most. What do you say, my dear, replied the other, with a malicious smile; I saw you born, child; and, God knows I speak of an old story, I have seen your father, my dear, who was no young man when he died, and it is now above forty years since his decease. To this the other replied, with great agitation of spirit, my father, my father, what do you talk of my father; when my

father married my mother, it is well known he was too old to be able to get children.

I observe, in the next house, two men, who are not over and above stocked with reason; one is a young heir, who neither knows how to keep his money nor how to spend it, but has fallen upon an expedient to keep himself always in cash; when he is flush of money he buys books, and when his purse begins to grow empty he disposes of them again for half of what they cost him. The other is a foreign painter, who draws portraits of ladies; he is a man of genius, and designs correctly, his colours are warm, and he hits the likeness; but he don't flatter, and yet expects he shall have a run. *Inter stultos referatur.* What a plague, cried Leandre, do you speak Latin too? Are you surprised at that, replied the demon? I speak all languages; I understand Greek and Hebrew, Arabic and Chinese, and yet am not a bit the more proud, or more of a pedant for all that. In this I have the advantage over the literati.

Observe in that great hotel upon the left hand, a sick lady, surrounded with so many women who wait upon her; she is the

the widow of a famous rich master-builder, but her head is quite turned with notions of quality. She has just now made her will, and has left all her wealth, which is immensely great, amongst persons of rank, merely on account of their great quality, tho' she never beheld them with her eyes. She was asked, whether she would not bequeath a legacy to a certain man to whom she lay under great obligations? Alas! no, replied she with a sorrowful air, and I am heartily grieved I cannot; I am not so ungrateful as not to acknowledge he has done me considerable services, but he is a plebeian, and his name would disgrace my testament.

Signior Asmodeus, interrupted Leandro, pray let me know whether this man whom I see reading in his closet may not perhaps deserve an apartment in the college? He deserves one extremely well, I assure you, replied the demon; he is an old venerable vicar, who is looking over the proofs of a book he has now in the press. Some work of morality or divinity, no doubt, said Don Cleofas. No, not that, replied the demon; it is a collection of bawdy poems which he composed in his youth; instead of committing them to the flames, or let-

ting them perish with him, he has caused them to be printed off during his life-time, for fear lest, after his death, his heirs should be tempted to publish them, and gut them of their spirit and energy. I should be in the wrong, by the bye, to neglect taking notice of a little hump-backed woman who lives with the vicar; she is so much persuaded that she pleases the men, that if any one does but speak to her, she immediately marks him down in the list of her lovers.

But let us now come to a rich prebendary, whom I see just by. This man's case is extremely singular; he lives abstemiously, but not from a principle of mortification or sobriety; nor is it from a principle of avarice that he does not allow himself a coach. What can be the reason that he does not live up to his income? Only, replied the demon, that he may have money. Well then, what use does he make of it? I suppose he disposes of it to charitable uses. No, not that either; he lays it out in pictures, trinkets, and costly pieces of furniture: nor does he even propose to have any pleasure or enjoyment from them during his life-time; his only design is, that they should appear in the
inventory

inventory of his goods and chattels after his death. What you say cannot be, says Zambullo, it is impossible there should be a man in the world of such a turn. I tell you it is fact, says the demon; this Mania possesses him; his greatest pleasure is in thinking how people will admire the catalogue of his valuable and rich household furniture, when they come to be exposed to sale by auction. If he buys, for instance, a rich cabinet, he has it carefully packed up, and laid in his wardrobe, that it may appear intirely new to the toyman who shall come and bid for it.

Let us proceed to one of his neighbours, whom you will find no less a fool than he, an old batchelor lately come to Madrid, with a great estate, which his father, who was auditor of Manilla, had left him. The behaviour of this man is pretty extraordinary; he never misses a day attending the levee of the king and the first minister, though he is a man of no ambition, nor sues for any employment; he wants none, nor asks for any thing. What then, replies Don Cleofas; does he attend only to pay his court, without any other view? Not even that, replied the demon; he never spoke to the minister in his life,

and is not so much as known by him, nor does he desire he ever should. What then can his motive be? Why it is this, he would make people believe he is a man of great consequence. What an original coxcomb this is, cried the student, bursting into a fit of laughter! what a deal of pains he takes about nothing: you are in the right to rank him amongst the bedlamites. O! replied the demon, I can shew you a great many others, who are as void of common sense as he; look into that great house where you see so many burning tapers, and three men and two women sitting round the table, they have already supped, and are now playing at cards, to pass away the rest of the night; after which they will separate. This is the life these people live, who meet regularly every night, and then go to sleep till the return of the evening; they have bid adieu to the sight of the sun, and the beauties of nature. To see them surrounded in this manner with flambeaus looks like the funeral obsequies of the dead. There is no occasion, says Cleofas, to shut up these fools, for they are so already.

I see a man fast asleep, continued the demon, whom I love vastly, and who has
no

no less regard for me; he is the work of my own hands: I have moulded and fashioned him. He is an old bachelor, who idolizes the fair sex: if you speak to him of a fair lady, you cannot help observing with what pleasure he listens to you; tell him of her pretty little mouth, her vermilion lips, ivory teeth, and alabaster complexion; in a word, mention as many particulars as you please, at every one of them he sighs, his eyes sparkle, and his whole frame is in ecstasy of rapture. About two days ago, as he passed by the shop of a shoemaker who works for ladies, he stopt short all of a sudden, to look at a slipper which he perceived, and after having considered it with the greatest attention, said with a soft and tender air to a gentleman who was with him, Ah! my friend, what an idea does this slipper present to my imagination? How pretty must that foot be for whom it is made? But I take too much pleasure in looking at it; we must go from this, it is not safe tarrying here any longer. This old bachelor ought to have a black mark set upon him, says Leandro Perez. Why you are not much in the wrong, replied the demon. And there is a neighbour of his who is not much better, who, because he keeps an

equipage of his own, is out of countenance if he is at any time seen in a hackney coach. But we may very well compare this exchequerman with a relation of his, a rector, who enjoys very beneficial livings in the church, and who every day makes use of a hackney-coach, to save two fine horses and four fine mules, which he keeps in his stable.

I observe in the neighbourhood of these two gentlemen, a person who cannot, without great injustice, be refused a place in these apartments: he is a cavalier of threescore, and makes his addressee to a young lady, whom he visits every day, and entertains her with an account of his gallantries in his youth, and what a man he was in days of yore. He is such a fool as to imagine the young lady will like him for what he has been. We may rank along with him another old fellow who lives hard by, a French marquis, who is come to see the court of Madrid. This noble lord is now threescore and ten, and in his former days made a brilliant figure at Versailles; the whole court admired his graceful stature, his gallant air, and were particularly charmed with his fine taste in dress; he has carefully preserved all the
suits

suits of cloaths he then wore, and now dresses in what he had appeared in fifty years ago, though in his own country the fashions change every day; but what is more pleasant than any thing, he looks upon himself to be as handsome and graceful as in the prime days of his youth.

Come, says Don Cleofas, we need make no hesitation in regard to him; we may very safely set down this French lord among those who deserve a place in the Casa de los Locos. But I must reserve one apartment, replied the demon, for a lady who lives in a garret near the hotel of the count: this is an old widow, who, out of an excess of tenderness to her children, has given them every thing she had, reserving to herself only a small pension, which the aforesaid children are obliged to pay her; but they are so piously grateful, that it is with great difficulty she can get one farthing.

There is an old batchelor whom I would likewise willingly provide for, said the demon. This man no sooner gets a ducat than he spends it; and as he can't live without expence, makes any shift to get money. About a fortnight ago, his laun-

M 6 dress,

dress, to whom he owed no less than thirty pistoles, came and dunned him for the money, saying, she had an absolute occasion for it, as she was just going to be married to a valet de chambre, who courted her. Why then, says he, you must have got money besides this ; for who the devil would marry you for thirty pistoles ? I beg your pardon for that, said she, I have two hundred ducats more. Two hundred ducats ! replied he ; give them me, and I'll marry you, and so we shall be quit. She took him at his word, and he is now married to his washerwoman.

We must likewise preserve three places more for these three gentlemen who now return from supping in the city, and are going into the hotel upon your right hand, where they live. The one is a count, and values himself upon his taste in the belles lettres ; the other is the count's brother, a dignified clergyman ; and the third is a wit, who is their follower. They are hardly ever asunder, and for the most part make visits all three together : the count praises none but himself ; his brother praises him and himself ; but the poor wit has a tripple charge, to praise the other two and himself into the bargain.

There

There are two vacancies more that may very properly be filled up; one of them I would bestow upon a citizen here, who has taken it into his head truly to be a florist; and though the man is so poor that he hardly can support himself and family, he keeps a gardener and his wife to look after about a dozen of auriculas which he has in a little garden. And I would assign another apartment to the use of a player, who, complaining of the vexations that attended the business of the stage, told his companions t'other day, Why faith, gentlemen, I am quite weary of this way of life; I would even rather be a country squire, with only a thousand ducats a year.

Which ever way I turn me, I perceive hardly any thing else but people who are troubled with diseases in the brain. There is one for example, a chevalier of Calatrava, who is so vain and so proud at his having a secret intrigue with the daughter of a grandee, that he imagines himself upon a level with the greatest nobleman about court. He greatly resembles * Villius, who

* Villius, a noble Roman, maintained an intrigue with Fausla, only because she was daughter to

who imagined himself son-in-law to the dictator, because he had an affair with Sylla's daughter; and this parallel still is more just, as the chevalier, like the Roman, has a Longarenus, that is to say, a low fellow of a rival, who in a short time will supplant him. In short one would imagine that a succession of fools sprout like the heads of the hydra, and that one generation follows close at the heels of another. There is a man who is secretary to a minister, who exactly resembles * Bolanus, who kept no kind of measures with
any

to the dictator; but happening unluckily to call one time when she was engaged with Longarenus, was by him severely drubbed and kicked out of doors. The story, with a dialogue proper for the occasion, is told by Horace in his second satire of the first book. Aulus Gellius mentions, that that grave historian Sallust did likewise undergo the same fate, and received the like chastisement from the hands of her husband Milo.

* Our author has here again taken the sentiments and authority of his friend Mr. Dacier upon trust, who, in his notes upon the passage of Horace, where he mentions Bolanus, (Sat. 9. lib. 1.) describes his character just as Monsieur le Sage does here. But the real state of the case is this---When Horace found himself fallen an unhappy victim, and under the talons of this messenger of satan sent to buffet him, he sends up a pathetic ejaculation,
how

any man, and without any ceremony told every one at first sight if he did not like them. There is an old president, the same as * Fufidius, who lent his money at cent. per cent. And † Marſeus (he who gave his house to the actress Origo) lives again in the person of that young heir, who now guttles down with an actress the last mortgage of an estate he has near the Eſcurial.

how much he envied that felicity of brain, that happy construction of skull, which Bolanus enjoyed, to whom sense or nonsense, the *tacenda* or *loquenda*, were equally indifferent; and I believe many a man finds himself now and then under the necessity of envying such a character,

————— *O te, Bolane, Cerebri*

Felicem, aiebam tacitus —————

* This Fufidius was so mortally afraid lest people should laugh at him as a spendthrift or a bubble, that, in order to avoid the imputation of either of these characters, he employed his money in lending it out at extravagant usury.

Fufidius vappæ famam timet ac nebulonis :

Quinas hic capiti mercedes exsecat.

HOR. sat. 2. lib. 1.

† This is likewise one of Horace's people, whom he takes notice of in the satire abovementioned, as having spent every farthing he had in the world upon Origo, the actress, merely from a pious principle and scruple of conscience, that he would not meddle with other men's wives.

Afmo-

Asmodeus was going to proceed, but was interrupted by hearing all of a sudden a concert of music; upon which he said to Don Cleofas, At the end of this street there are musicians, who are going to give a serenade : if you have any inclination to be present at it, I'll take you there immediately. I love those sort of things mightily, replied Zambullo; let us go there; perhaps there may be some fingers amongst them. He had no sooner said this than he found himself transported to the top of a house just over the serenade. The musicians immediately struck up some Italian airs; after which two songsters sung alternately the following stanzas.

A CASTILIAN Love-Song.

I.

IF you, my fair, desire of me,
A picture of your charms to see,
Attend, and in my verse I'll show,
With what divine, celestial charms you glow.

II.

Your forehead, made of iv'ry white,
Calls up a blush in the day's light :
You captivate the gods above,
And vanquish Cupid in his turn with love.

III. Your

UPON CRUTCHES. 257

III.

Your scorching eyes victorious shine
With such strong light they put out mine !
You stretch your conquest over all,
'Tis you, not Cupid, who commands the ball.

IV.

Madrid, enchanted with your grace,
Turns pagan to your heavenly face :
In love's soft net all hearts you take,
And Jews turn Christians for your beauty's sake.

V.

Thou'rt Venus, heav'n, the polar star,
Which to love's vessel shines afar :
No lustre can compare to thine,
Not gems, or treasure of an Indian mine.

The stanzas, cried Cleofas, are full of gallantry and delicacy. Why yes, replied the demon ; you, who are a Castilian, may perhaps think so ; but were they translated into French, I assure you they would lose all their bloom. A Frenchman would not at all relish these figurative expressions, and such extravagant sallies would only excite his laughter. But come, said Asmodeus, we'll talk of the stanzas another time ; you will be entertained presently with another kind of musick.

Observe

Observe these four men, who now appear in the street ; you see they are attacking the serenaders, who defend themselves with their fiddles as with shields, but not finding them sufficient defence, they are running away ; and you may perceive two cavaliers who come to the assistance of the musicians, one of whom is he who gives the serenade : with what fury do they fall upon the aggressors ? but they, who are superior in number and equal in point of skill and courage, receive them with great resolution. How their swords strike fire ! see there is one falls, who is the master of the concert, and is mortally wounded ; upon seeing of which the other gentleman his companion retires, the aggressors save themselves by flight, and the musicians get off as fast as they can, and there remains none upon the spot but the unfortunate gentleman whose life pays the price of the serenade ; but mark, at the same time, the lady who sits at her lattice, and observes every thing that passes. She is so proud and so vain of her beauty, though by the bye she is but very ordinary, that instead of grieving at this fatal catastrophe, she inwardly rejoices and congratulates herself on the power of her charms. But this is
not

not all, continued Asmodeus; there is still another you must observe, who has come up to the deceased, to give him, if possible, some assistance; but while he is busy in thus discharging the duties of friendship, he is seized by the watch, who carry him to prison, where he will remain a long time, and undergo the same fate as if he had been the murderer of his friend.

How fruitful of misfortunes has this night been? says Zambullo. And this will not be the last, answered the demon; if you were now at the sun-gate you would be frightened with a scene that is going on there. By the negligence of a servant a great hotel is now on fire, which has already consumed a vast deal of furniture. But Don Pedro de Esculano, the master of this hotel, does not, at present, think of the loss of his moveables, however valuable they may be; he thinks only how he may be able to save Seraphina, his dear and only child, who, at this instant, is in danger of perishing in the flames.

Don Cleofas expressing a great desire to see this fire, the demon carried him off
in

in an instant to the sun-gate, where they pitched on the top of a house opposite to the hotel where the fire was.

C H A P. XI.

An account of the fire ; and what Asmodeus did on that occasion.

THEY immediately heard the confused voices of different people, some crying out, fire, others crying out water. A moment after, they saw the great stair-case which led to the principal apartments all on fire, and, after that, clouds of smoke and flame bursting thro' the windows. The fire now rages excessively, continued the demon, and has got to the top of the house, from whence you may see it rising in a vast quantity of smoke and sparks, and is so very violent, that all the people who came to assist in quenching it can do nothing but look at it. Do you observe there, in the crowd, an old man in a night-gown ; don't you hear his cries and lamentations ; that is Don Pedro Esculano ; he calls out to the people who are about him, and conjures them to attempt to deliver his daughter, offering any one who will undertake it
a great

UPON CRUTCHES. 261

a great reward; but in vain; there is not one will run the risk of trying to save that young lady, who is but sixteen years of age, and surprisingly beautiful. Finding his intreaties and offers all in vain, he tears his hair and his beard, beats his breast, and commits all sorts of extravagant actions, in the excess of grief and despair; while Seraphina, abandoned by her women, is fallen into a swoon by the fright in her own apartment; where the smoke and flame will soon stifle her. It is out of the power of mortal man to save her.

The noble and generous heart of Don Cleofas could not bear the thoughts of this without being in the utmost agitation. Asmodeus, said he, I conjure you to save this young lady from the instant fate that threatens her; I insist upon it as the recompence of the service you are indebted to me for; if you refuse me I have done with you, and shall never be easy all the rest of my life. The devil upon crutches laughed at hearing the student speak in this manner. Master Zambullo, said he, I find you are possessed of all the qualities of a knight-errant; you are courageous, you feel for the misfortunes of your fellow-

low.

low-creatures; and are extremely devoted to the service of the ladies. I suppose now you would not mind rushing into the midst of the flames, like another Amadis, so you could but deliver this lady safe and sound into the arms of her father. Would to God, replied Don Cleofas, the thing was practicable on these conditions : I would run the risk of my life without hesitation. And your life would pay the price of such a notable exploit, replied the demon. I have already told you, that it is not in the power of man to save her ; and therefore to satisfy you I must take the affair personally upon myself. Wait here, and observe in what manner I will act upon this occasion.

He had no sooner spoke these words, than, to the infinite amazement of Don Cleofas, he assumed his make and figure, mixed among the people, pressed through the crowd, and darted into the flames, his own element, in full view of all the spectators, who were terrified at the rashness of the action, and who, by their shouts and murmurs, seemed to blame such a hazardous attempt. What a desperate fool this must be, says one. How can any views of interest prompt a man to
run

run himself into so much danger? No, said another; this bold adventurer must be a lover of Esculano's daughter, who in the frenzy of his grief is resolved to save his mistress, or to perish with her. In short, they all looked upon it that he would undergo the fate of Empedocles*; but in less than a minute they beheld him come through the flames with Seraphina in his arms. The air resounded with acclamations, and every one bestowed aloud a thousand praises on the brave cavalier, who had performed so glorious an achievement. Rash actions, when attended with success, meet with applause; and this prodigious feat was looked upon by the mob as a natural effect of the heroism of the Spanish nation.

As the lady was still in a swoon, her father durst not give himself up to the transports of joy which he felt, being afraid

* This Empedocles was a great humourist, and extremely whimsical. The last whim he took into his head, was to jump down into the cauldron of mount *Ætna*, when it was raging in a fit of burning: and Horace is of opinion, that if any friend had ventured in after him, in order to pull him out, that the other, instead of being thankful, would have cursed him for his pains.

left his daughter, after having been so miraculously delivered from the flames, should expire before his eyes, from the dreadful apprehension the danger she had been in might have upon her brain ; but he was soon comforted : She recovered from her swoon by the care that was taken of her, and looking upon the old gentleman, said to him in an affectionate manner, “ Signior, I should be more grieved than rejoiced at being saved from these devouring flames, if I did not find you in safety likewise.” “ Ah ! my child, replied he embracing her, as I have not lost you, I am easy about the rest ; but let us return our thanks, said he, to this young and gallant cavalier, presenting Don Cleofas to her ; this is your generous deliverer ; it is to him you owe the preservation of your life : we can never sufficiently shew our gratitude, and the reward which I promised shall never discharge our obligations to him.”

Upon this the demon replied in a gallant and polite manner, “ Signior Don Pedro, said he, the reward you promised was, I assure you, no inducement to me to attempt that piece of service I have had the happiness to do you. I am a gentle-

gentleman born, and a Castilian. The pleasure of having prevented your affliction, and of having saved this beautiful lady, is all the reward I ask or looked for.

The generosity and disinterestedness of the cavalier made Don Esculano conceive an infinite esteem for him : he begged he would come and see him, and be united with him in the bonds of mutual friendship. After a great many compliments on both sides, Don Pedro retired with his daughter to a house which was at the bottom of the garden, and Asmodeus rejoined Don Cleofas, who seeing him return in his original figure, " Signior Diable, says he, don't my eyes deceive me ? Was not you this moment in my shape ? " " You'll excuse the liberty I took, said the other, when I tell you the reason of my transfiguration : I am plotting for you, and have in my view to make you the husband of Seraphina. By appearing in your shape, I have been able to inspire the lady with very favourable sentiments in regard to your worship, and her father Esculano has likewise a high opinion of you ; for I told him that the danger I ran, in saving the life of his daughter was only from a motive of serv-

ing them both, without any view of other reward, as the honour of having been the instrument of saving the life of such a fine lady was recompence enough to a gentleman of Castile. Don Pedro Esculano has a noble soul, and will be outdone by no man in point of generosity. I can assure you, he is this moment deliberating with himself, whether he shall not make you an offer of his daughter, in requital of the service he imagines you have done him.

But let us leave him to come to some resolution, and in the mean time repair to another place, more proper for us to take our observations.

E N D of the FIRST VOLUME.

I N D E X.

ASMODEUS, alias the Devil upon Crutches, brought under the power of a magician, by the force of incantations, 20. Gives an account of the other demons, and the functions they discharge here on eaath, 21, 22. And of himself, *ib.* Is the same as the god Cupid, 23. His figure, appearance, and dress, 27. His magic robe, with its various emblems, 28. Compared to the shield of Achilles, 29. How he came to be lamed in an engagement with Palliardoc, 31. His fray with Palliardoc, and the occasion of it, *ib.* Wings Don Cleofas through the air, and pitches him on the top of St. Salvador, 34. Opens to his view the inside of the houses in Madrid, and gives him an account of what passes, 35, &c. Has another quarrel with Palliardoc, 41. The manner of their reconciliation, 42. His reasons for not relieving a prisoner, 152, 153. Speaks Latin, 244. The great advantage he has over the literati, *ib.* Is intreated by Zambullo to rescue Seraphina, 261. Puts on Zambullo's shape, and darts into the flames, 262. Rescues Seraphina, 263. What he says to her father Esculano, 264. His conversation with Zambullo on that subject, 265, 266. Carries Zambullo to another quarter, to continue their observations, 266.

ASHTAROTH, appointed with Leviathan and Belphegor to attend crowned heads, 21.

ATTORNIES, their case debated in the Pandemonium, 47. Determined they shall have a demon allotted for their particular use, *ib.*

ABBE, a young Abbé attending a lady's toilet with patches and paint, 28.

APOTHECARY, how he and his wife, and apprentice are employed at the same time, 43.

AUTHOR, what sort of one kept in the house of a patron, 130, 131.

I N D E X.

A female adventurer's answer to one of her creditors, 179.

AURORA, a young lady, married to captain Zanubio, 201. Discovers Don Garcia de Pacheco to be in disguise, 205. Threatens to acquaint her husband, 205, 206. What she says to Zanubio, 206. Comforts Don Garcia, 207. Is surprised with him, and escapes to a convent, 208. Vid. *Zanubio*.

AGE, the great difficulty women of all countries find in doing justice to their age, 241. Remarkable instance that happened at Paris, *ib.* &c.

B.

BELPHEGOR, one of the court-demons, 21.

BAR, under the care and direction of Flagel, 21, 22.

BEELZEBUB, who committed to his charge, 21.

BEAU, one of threescore, how employed, 38. An account of his sister, 38, 39. The great loss she sustained, *ibid.*

BROTHER, an accident that happened to an elder from a younger, 155, 156. Advice of consequence to elder brothers, 156.

BEDLAMITES, an account of them, 199—239.

BAILIFFS, an instance where one of them was moved with pity, 236.

BELFLOR, (Count de) falls in love with Leonora, daughter of Don Luis de Cespides, 57. His artifices to seduce her, 58, &c. Gains over her governante Marcella, 67, &c. Procures an interview, 79. Debauches her, 88. Is discovered coming out of her apartment by her father Don Luis, 89. His conversation with him upon that subject, 96. Receives a letter from Leonora, 103. Questions and reasons with himself, as a man of honour, 104, 105. Adventure between him and Pedro, Leonora's brother, 110, &c. Comes to see her before she goes into a convent, 111. Marries her, 128, and gives his sister Eugenia to Don Pedro, *ib.* Vid. *Leonora* and *Cespides* (Don Luis de).

BEATRIX,

I N D E X.

BEATRIX, (Donna) jealous on account of a gentleman's addresses to her friend, 216. Defers prosecuting the murderer of her brother, that he may fight her friend's husband, 217. Is disappointed of her project of revenge, and goes distracted, 218.

BOLANUS, a minister compared to him, 254. Our author follows the opinion of Mr. Dacier, 254. Notes; that passage of Horace explained, 254, 255.

BUFFOON, the distinguished good fortune of one, 48, 49. And how caressed by the nobility of Madrid, *ib.*

C.

CLEOPAS, *vid.* *Zambullo*.

CITIZEN, oeconomy of a rich one, 36, 37. An account of one who is a florist, 253.

COQUET, a superannuated one, 38.

CONCERT of Musick, ridiculous one, 39, 40.

CICERO, what he writes to Volumnius, 48. Notes.

CASTILIAN, courts his mistress after the manner of the ancients, 49, 50. and notes. Castilian news-monger, reason of his going mad, 200. Castilian love-song, 256.

CESPIDES, (Don Luis de) discovers Count Belflor coming out of his daughter's apartments, 89. Threatens to kill her and her governante Marcella, 90. Melts into tenderness, and bewails the misfortune of his daughter, 92. Sees count Belflor, and the subject of their conversation, 96, &c. Resolves to send Leonora and Marcella into a convent, 98. Sends for his son Don Pedro to fight the count, 106. Finds count Belflor again in the apartment of Leonora, 114. And is prevented by his son from attacking him, 115. Strange explanation and consequences of this adventure, 117, 118. Forgives his daughter, and is reconciled to count Belflor, 119. His conversation with his son Pedro, and the consequences of it, 121, 122. Has the marriage of his daughter Leonora with count Belflor, and of his son Pedro with Eugenia, the count's sister, celebrated in his own house, 128. *Vid.* *Belflor and Leonora*.

I N D E X.

- COBLER**, has a son who returns immensely rich from the Indies, 194. Is prevailed upon by him and his wife, with great reluctancy, to leave off trade, 197. Insists upon leave to mend his own and the curate's shoes, *ib.* Repents and goes to his son to return him his money, 198.
- CLERGYMAN**, the great preferment of one from his going mad, 200. Of one that published a book of bawdy on his death-bed, 245, 246. Of one that saved his money, and from what motive, 246, 247. Method of one to save his set of horses, 250. The behaviour of one to a lord and a wit, 252.
- CHICHONA**, wheedles Marcella, Leonora's gover-nante, 59. Entices her and Leonora into her house, 60. Brings the young lady into a room, where she had concealed count Belflor, 62. Dissuades the count from making farther attempts on Leonora, 64. Shews an aversion to appear before a justice of the peace, *ib.* Enters into partnership with Pebrada, 132. Their occupation and business, *ib.*
- COUNSELLOR**, stratagem of one to get rid of his grandmother, 218, 219.
- CAVALIER**, a superannuated one; ridicule of his address to a lady, 250. Another of the same stamp, *ib.*
- CARD-PLAYERS**, what sort of them deserve to be shut up in Bedlam, 248.
- COSMO**, Don Cosmo de la Higuiera, description of him, 158. Made to believe, that the daughter of a general officer is in love with him, 159. Writes her a letter in the sublime stile, 162. Receives an answer, 163. Gives her a serenade, 166. Proposes an entertainment for her on the banks of the Man-sanarez, 169. Is robbed of a thousand pistoles by his servant Domingo, 171.
- COMMISSARY at Paris**, strangely puzzled in settling the age of two women, 241, &c. A dialogue between the two women on that subject, 243, 244.

D.

DEMON. See *Asmodeus*.

I N D E X.

DOCTOR of the University, his wife assisted by Asmodeus, 23. William, drawer of an inn, story of one with his master's daughter, 146, 147. Vide *Quebrantador*.

DACIER, (Monsieur) mistake in his commentary on a passage of Horace, 37, notes. Different explanation from him of another passage of the same author, 254, notes.

DEBTORS, clause in the twelve tables of the Roman laws, concerning them, 37, notes. Man in debt, who sleeps sound, 129. His obliging behaviour to his creditors, 130.

DEDICATION, new method of composing one, 45. Great fall of their price of late years, ib. One wrote by a lady of quality to herself, 46.

DRINKING-MATCH, 55.

DUENNAS, what alone makes them faithful to their trust, 67.

DANCING-MASTER, his new method of teaching young ladies, 142.

DOMINGO, his adventures, 156. The way he took to be revenged of his master, 158, &c. Robs him 171. Is taken together with Florella, and sent to prison, ib. Vid. *Cosmo*

E.

ENGLISH Gentlemen, a polite act of gallantry of one of them, 28, 29.

ESTATE, a man of great estate, his motive for attending the levée, 247, 248.

EMERENCIANA, (Donna) her story, 220. Her correspondence with Don Kimen de Ligana, 221. Discovered by her father Stephani, 222. Is obliged to write a letter to Ligana, 224. Forcibly carried away by her father, 226. Locked up with a merciless duenna, 227. Relieved from her imprisonment by Ligana, 234. Is found mad, ib. The extravagance of her conversation, 234, 235. Is conducted to Madrid, 238. Confined in Bedlam by her uncle, ib. Vid. *Stephani* and *Lizana*.

I N D E X.

ESCLANO, (Don Pedro de) his house on fire, 260.
Offers a reward to save his daughter from the flames, who is in danger of instantly perishing, 261.
What he says to Asmodeus, who was in the shape of Zambullo, 265, 266.

F.

FLAGEL, the spirit of the bar, 21, 22.
FABULA, (Donna) account of her lying-in, 40, 41.
FOOTMAN, the tranquillity of one, notwithstanding the situation of his mistress, 41.
FLORETTA, maid to Luziana, joins with Domingo, in putting a trick upon his master, 157, &c. from whom she receives presents, 161. Cajoles him into an entertainment on the banks of the Mansanarez, 169. Goes off with Domingo, 171. Taken and sent to the house of correction, ib.
FRANCIELLO, a banker and son of a cobbler, 194. Returns from Peru with great riches, ib. Goes to see his father and mother, 195. Their conversation, and the consequences of it, 196, &c.
FAUSTA, the daughter of Sylla, her affairs with Villius, 253, 254, and notes.
FUFIDIUS, an old president compared to him, 255. Who he was, and his character from Horace, ib. notes

G.

GRIFFAEL, angel of the attornies, 47.
GAMESTERS, how differently agitated, 30. Gaming its fatal effects; tragical story of two gentlemen, 51. Groom of the chambers falsely imprisoned, 52.
GARCIA, (Don Garcia de Pacheco) in love with Aurora, the wife of Zanubio, 201. His scheme to get access to her, 202. And the prevailing argument he made use of with the gardiner's wife, 202. Is discovered by Aurora, 205. And put i. to a mortal fright, 206. Surprised by Zanubio, and escapes with his wife, 207, 208. Vid. *Aurora*.

H.

HORACE, a passage of him misinterpreted by Monsieur Dacier, 37. notes. Another passage of him

I N D E X

explained differently, 254, notes. His story of Villius and Sylla's daughter, 253, 254. notes. What he says of Fufidius, 255. notes. Of Marfæus and Origo, ib.

HUSBANDS, instance of a complaisant one, though a Spaniard, 94, 95. Of one who went mad on the death of his wife, and the reason why, 210.

HUNTING, danger of it to an elder brother, in company with a younger, 155.

HEIR, reason of a young heir turning lunatic, 290. Ingenious expedient of a young one to keep himself in cash, 244. One compared to Marfæus, 255.

I.

INQUISITORS, story of a rich one attended by his penitents, 135, 136. Declared by the demon to be the happiest of mortals, 136. Their great alertness in matters of profit, 151. Not to be spoke of but with the greatest reverence, ib.

JUSTICE, what evidence in matters of justice, are never to be parted with, 172.

JULIO, privy to Stephani's treatment of Don Kimen de Lizana, 226. By Stephani's order poisons all the servants, 228. And murders Emerenciana's two women, ib. Is seized by the officers of justice, 230. Discovers where Lizana is confined, 231. Discovers where Emerenciana is confined, 233. Carried in irons to Madrid, 237. Vid. *Stephani* and *Lizana*.

K.

KIMEN. Vid. *Lizana*.

L.

LEANDRO *Perez*. See *Zambulle*.

LUCIFER, the nature of his charge, 20.

LEVIATHAN, attends the court, 21.

LEVITE, on his death-bed, deserted by his relations, 53.

LADIES of *Pleasure*, 55. The singular happiness of footmen, 56.

LEONORA DE CESPIDES, daughter of Don Luis, in love

I N D E X.

Love with count Belflor, 58. Who endeavours to seduce her, 58, &c. Is decoyed into the house of la Chicon, 61. Her resolution and virtue, 64. Her innocence practised upon by her governante Marcella, 68. Her inexperience and credulity got the better of, 88. Yields to the treacherous arguments of Marcella and the count, *ib.* Is discovered by her father, 88, 89. Who threatens to kill her, 90. Is to be sent to a convent, 98. Writes to count de Belflor, before she retires from the world, 103. Is visited by the count, 111. Who marries her, 128. *Vid. Belflor and Cespiades.*

LOVERS, instance of great honour in one, 143. How a Frenchman would behave on the like occasion, *ib.* Of one that lost the use of his reason, 211. The song he composed on the cruelty of his mistress, 212. And the song of a Frenchman under the like misfortune, *ib.*

LUZIANA, countenances the trick put upon Don Cosmo de la Higuiera, 165. Speaks to him from her lattice, 167. *Vid. Cosmo.*

LADY'S *Looking-glass*, the occasion of her madness, 219.

LIZANA, (Don Kimen de) in love with Emerenciana, daughter of Stephani, 220. Gains her affection, and corresponds with her, 221. Is seen coming out of her apartment by her father, 222. Receives a letter of assignation from Emerenciana, 224. Seized by Stephani's people, and carried off, 225. His cruel treatment in a dungeon, 226. Reduced to the extremity of misery, 229. Set at liberty, 231. Finds Emerenciana gone distracted, 234. Leaves his country, and sets out for New Spain, 239. *Vid. Stephani and Emerenciana.*

LONGARENS beats Villius out of Sylla's house, 254. notes.

M.

MOUNTEBANKS, their tutelar demon, 20.

MUSSULMAN lord, 28.

MAGICIAN,

I N D E X.

MAGICIAN, his great power, 32. His insolence, 33.
The reason of his falling out with Asmodeus, 33, 34.

MARCELLA, governante to Leonora de Celpides, wheedled by la Chichona, 59. Her adventure with the man in the grey beard, 60. Her rage and indignation, 65, 66. Is corrupted by the count. And undertakes to seduce her ward, 67, 68. Practises upon the inexperience of Leonora, 69, &c. And at last undermines her virtue, 88. Her speech to Don Luis, Leonora's father, 90, 91. She is locked up for life in the monastery of the Arrepentidas, 129.

MERCHANT, reason of one going mad, 201.

MADNESS of a nobleman's porter, 210. Of a courtier's secretary, 213, 214. Of the wife of a corregidor, 215. Of the wife of the treasurer of the council of the Indies, 216. Of a widow, *ib.* A man drove to distraction by persevering to feed a set of authors, 214.

MINERVA, the prudence and finesse of her revenge, 217, 218, and notes.

MARSÆUS, 255, and notes.

N.

NEPHEWS consult a fortune-teller about their uncle, 38.

O.

ORIGO, a Roman actress, 255. See *Marsæus*.

P.

PALLIARDO, his fight with Asmodeus, whom he lames, 31. Has another quarrel with him, 42.

PHYSICIAN, one called in a hurry to a bishop, 43.

POET, description of his apartment. Its airy situation. Inventory of his household furniture. Ingenious device to supply the want of paper and of tapestry. His distortions. Subject of his tragedy. Finishes a most extraordinary dedication. Puzzled to find a name to fill up the blanks. Is afraid, and in danger of having nothing for it, 43, &c. What was said to a satyric poet in a coffee-house, 193.

PA-

I N D E X.

PATIENTS, their perplexed and difficult situation, 54.
PEDRO de CESPIDES, son to Don Luis and brother to Leonora, 107. A young gentleman of gallantry and great bravery, *ib.* Sent for by his father to resent an affront offered to his family, 106. At that time at Madrid, 107. And engaged in an amour with an unknown mistress, *ib.* Is attacked in the streets, and relieved by count de Belflor, 110. Engages his service to the count in an assignation, 111. Accompanies him, *ib.* And finds himself in the apartments of his own sister, 114. His behaviour to his father and the count upon that occasion, 114. &c. Has a difference with his father on the subject of marrying Belflor's sister, 120, &c. Goes to his incognita, 123. Finds her to be the count's sister, 125. Is married to her, 128. *Vid. Belflor and Cespides.*

PEBRADA, a fellow-labourer with la Chicona, 132. Keeps a list of all the handsome strangers, *ib.* Which she delivers to a society of widows, *ib.*

PRINTER, story of one who prints in the night, 133, 134.

PRISONS, horrors of them, and barbarity of jailors, 141. Account of the prisoners, 141—174.

PAINTER, story of one that went to bring a confessor to his wife, 193. The amazing folly of a good painter, 244.

PLAYER, remarkable modesty of one, 253.

PRUDE, adventure of one who mistook her lover for her footman, 180, 181.

PATRICIO, falls in with two women of the town, 182. The treat he gave them, 184, 185. Leaves his rosary for the reckoning, 186. Is bit, and curses all pink-coloured stockings, 189. Goes home to his wife, who harangues him, 190. Extraordinary effect the oration she made had upon him, *ib.*

Q.

QUEBRANTADOR (serjeant Hannibal Antonio) comes to

I N D E X.

to an inn, 144. His speech to the people of the house, 145. Encounters a ghost, 146. Engages to assist the drawer of the inn, in his affair with the master's daughter, 148. Gives the master of the inn an account of his conversation with the spirit, 149. Is entertained with all his recruits by the young vintner, 150. Quarrels with him, and is sent to prison, 151. Vid. *William*. Man of quality's finances taken care of by a nymph, 40.

R.

REVENGE, treatise against revenge, secretly printed off in the night-time, 133. Revenge of Don Cleofas against Thomasa, 138, 139. Instance of revenge and jealousy in Donna Beatrix, 217, &c.

REVENGE, prevailing passion of Spaniards, 134. Of Sicilians, 222. And of the savage instance of horrible and unrelenting revenge, *ib.* See *Stephani*.

REMORSE and reflections of count de Belflor on his having betrayed Leonora, 104, 105.

REMORSE of a scrivener, and the effects of it, 51.

S.

SLAVES, Roman slaves, 37, and notes.

SORCERESS, the practice and secrets of one, 143, 144.

STONE, philosopher's stone, 42.

SCRIVENER, purposes to found a monastery, 51.

SURGEON, method one of them used to get business, 153, 154. Sent to prison, and why likely to escape, 154.

SON, brought before the judges for striking his father, 172. How cleared by his mother, 173.

SANGUISUELA, an usurer, treats with an officer about lending him money, 175. His coolness and command of temper, 176. Instances of his great piety, 177, 178. Reflections he made upon the sermon he had heard, 178.

SISTERS, conversation of two on the death of their father, 178, 179. Smart saying of one of them, 179.

S L E E P

I N D E X.

- SLEEP**, extraordinary methods of procuring it, 190, 191.
- SOLDIER**, a lame one, his conversation with a beggar, 192. Asks his daughter in marriage, *ib.* Reasoning of the contracting parties upon that head, 192, 193.
- SCHOOL-MASTER**, deplorable fate of one, 201.
- STEPHANI** (Guillem) father of Emerenciana, 220. At enmity with the house of Lizana, *ib.* Particularly with Don Kimen, 221. Whom he sees in the night come out of his daughter's apartment, 222. Stifles his resentment for the present, *ib.* His brutal and revengeful disposition, *ib.* Obliges his daughter to write a letter of assignation to Don Kimen, 224. Whom he causes to be seized and carried off along with Emerenciana, 225. Confines him in a horrible dungeon, 226. Acts the part of an accomplished villain, 227. Continues to torment Don Kimen, 228. Meditates the death of Julio, his confidant, 229. Is surrounded by a troop of archers, *ib.* Turns desperate and fires a pistol, 230. Is shot dead, *ib.* Vid. *Lizana*, *Emerenciana*, and *Julio*.
- SPANIARDS**, naturally of a revengeful temper, 134. Sicilians the same, 222.
- SLIPPER**, effect the fight of one had upon an old bachelor, 249.
- SALLUST**, the Roman historian, drubbed by Milo, 254, notes.
- STANZAS**, composed for a serenade in the Castilian, not the French taste, 257.
- SERENADE**, a bloody fray at one of them, 258, 259.
- SERAPHINA**, daughter of Esculano, in a swoon, and on the point of perishing in the flames, 261. Rescued by Asmodeus, 263. Conversation between her and her father, and Asmodeus, after her deliverance, 264, 265.

T.

I N D E X.

T.

- TAYLORS**, their guardian angel, 21.
TABLES, the twelve tables of the decemviri quoted, 37, notes.
TORRIBIO, his concern for his wife in child-bed, 41.
THOMAAS, conceals assassins to surprize Zambullo, 18.
 Is shewed him by the demon regaling in their company, 137. Asmodeus sends among them the spirit of discord, 138. She is seized and carried to prison, 139.
TENDERNESS, effects of a foolish tenderness in a mother to her children, 251.

U.

- URIEL**, his province here on earth, 21.
USURER. See *Sanguisuela*.

V.

- VOLUMNIUS**, his character from Cicero, 48. notes.
VINTNER, accused of poisoning a German, 145. His defence, ib.
VALET de Chambre, who undergoes the same fate as that of Joseph, 151, 152.
VIRGINS, two of the age of fifty, rejoice over their dead father, and why, 240, 241.
VILLIUS, his adventure with Longarenius, in his amour with Sylla's daughter, 253, 254. notes.

W.

- WIDOW** of a master-builder, 244. Her latter will and testament, 245.
WIDOW, remarkable modesty of one, 48. Widow of threescore marries a boy of seventeen, to satisfy her conscience. The nuptial ceremonies celebrated by marrow-bones and cleavers, 54. Another of the same age retires from the temptation of the world into a convent, 240. Most unfortunate mistake of one, 180.
WILLIAM (master William) drawer of an inn, has a plot upon his master's daughter, 146. The method he takes to accomplish his ends 147. His rencounter with Hannibal Antonio Quebrantador,